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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.,

AT THE
TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON,
Thursday Evening, October 20, 1864.

From The Liberator.

I SHALL venture to speak to you to-night on the Presidential election.

Let me begin with some statements in which we all agree—statements touching the nature of the war, the motives which led to it, and the indispensable conditions of any durable peace.

This civil war is no accident—no chance jostling of little interests, one against the other; its end as hard to guess as its beginning. On the contrary, it is the inevitable death-grapple of ideas forever irreconcilable with each other. The struggle began when Freedom and Slavery were brought face to face in 1789 by the adoption of the Constitution. For seventy years the weapons were arguments and votes. In that arena every thoughtful man saw, four years ago, that slavery touched its downfall. Warned and made desperate by that defeat, slavery appealed to arms. How long this military form of the struggle, this civil war, will last, no one can tell. How near its close will bring us to the end of the "irrepressible conflict," none can tell. This only every man can see, there will always be some form of struggle between these two foes, Slavery and Freedom, until one or the other gains a perfect and entire victory—until one supersedes the other wherever our flag floats. No one who believes in a just God can doubt which will in the end crush out and supersede the other. Every one knows that, in the nature of things,

> ———"The ethereal mould,
> Incapable of stain, must soon expel
> Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
> Victorious."

But how and how soon? These are the questions. Will this war scourge from the continent the monster and all his brood? or shall it close and leave the festering remains to poison and embitter our future for many a year? Who can tell?

But in this we are all agreed: it is the duty of every good citizen to do his utmost that the nation may reap the greatest possible advantage from this war. If it be possible to make it result in the immediate and entire abolition of the system of slavery among us, then we should strain every nerve to secure that result. All that the most advanced Republicans offer us to-day is a constitutional prohibition of slavery throughout the Republic. Once I claimed more, and thought it might be wisely and hopefully struggled for. But that was before the nation had been debauched and betrayed by its leaders.

Such a peace, to be sure, would not be the end of the irrepressible conflict. No man, no nation, can be at peace while its conscience and life are at odds. Our institutions rest on the idea of perfect equality—every man equal before the law. Toward that goal, Tocqueville has shown us that the whole race is tending by irresistible gravitation. Toward that goal, this nation struggles by definite and long-avowed purpose. There will never be rest till we reach it. There ought to be no rest till we reach it. But no matter whether this tendency be good or bad; that it exists and overbears all opposition, no man will deny. Science must either prove the negro not a man, or politics must admit his equality in the army, at the ballot-box and the Senate Board. The South sought consistency in a bastard science; afraid, like Montesquieu, to allow that the negro was a man, lest the world should infer that they were not Christians: the North acknowledged the negro's manhood in theory, and trampled on it in fact. This inconsistency has poisoned her literature, her politics and her religion, for seventy years. It will continue to do so for seven hundred, if it shall exist so long. Until it ceases, real peace is impossible. I believe now, as I have always done, that there can be no real peace, no durable reconstruction of the Union, except based on the suffrage and equality of all men, without distinction of color.

Mr. Lincoln's model of reconstruction is the experiment in Louisiana, which puts all power into the hands of the unchanged white race, soured by defeat, hating the laboring class, plotting constantly for aristocratic institutions. To reconstruct the rebel States on that model is only continuing the war in the Senate chamber after we have closed it in the field. Such reconstruction, leaving the South with its labor and capital at war, puts the whole payment of the debt on the industrious North, and in that way it will hang on us for half a century. Such reconstruction makes the freedom of the negro a sham, and perpetuates slavery under a softer name. Such reconstruction, leaving the seeds of discontent and division in the South in places of power, tempts and facilitates another rebellion, at the instigation or with the aid of French Mexico. Such reconstruction dooms us to a second or third-rate place among nations, and provokes foreign insult and aggression.

There is no plan of reconstruction possible within twenty years, unless we admit the black to citizenship and the ballot, and use him, with the white, as the basis of States. There is not in the rebel States sufficient loyal white basis to build upon. If we refuse this method, we must subdue the South, and hold it as territory until this generation of white men has passed away, and their sons, with other feelings, have taken their places, and Northern capital, energy and immigration have forced their way into the South. Should we adopt that plan, and wait for such changes, twenty years must elapse before we can venture to rebuild States. Meanwhile, a large and expensive army, and the use of despotic power by a government holding half its territory and citizens as subjects, make every thoughtful man tremble for the fate of free government. A quick and thorough reorganization of the States, on a democratic basis, every man and race equal before the law, is the only sure and speedy way to save the Union. I urge it not for the black man's sake alone; but for ours—the nation's sake.

Mr. Lincoln's offer of amnesty has been accepted by men with wealth in their hands and treason in their hearts all over West Virginia, Missouri, Tennessee and Louisiana. This is the class which has always hated the democratic tendency of the Union, and still hates it. This is the class which rebelled to break the Union, and their purpose is unchanged. Military defeat has not converted these men; the soreness of defeat is only added to the bitterness of their old hate. Make peace on the basis of that amnesty proclamation, and you increase the evil a thousand fold. These men, the moment our army returns, will wield those States against us, and while they crush the negro at home, will send to Washington the same conspirators to cripple the Union that they did before 1860. No theory of State government can deny their full right to do so. Slavery out of the question, I should myself defend their clear right so to use their power.

How shall we avert this? There was a time, in 1861 and 1862, when the government, using its vast influence over a people roused to lofty heroism, might by appropriate constitutional amendments have guaranteed the Union forever in the Southern States, by basing it on the negroes' indestructible love and need of it. At that time, if an Abolitionist or a statesman had been at the head of the nation, the sword of war might easily have cut this Gordian knot. Lack of knowledge, lack of vigor, lack of purpose, lack of loyalty in the highest sense of the word, on the part of the government, has forfeited that God-given opportunity, and has brought us instead a united South and a divided North.

The only way open to us now is to call the poor whites of the South into political existence, and thus withstand this aristocratic anti-Union power which Mr. Lincoln has reëstablished. Hitherto ignorant, poor and besotted, they have been driven in herds to the ballot-box, as Mr. Davis, Gen. Harding or John C. Calhoun directed. Northern skill, enterprise, business and wealth must invade and permeate those States, developing intellect and thrift in this class, giving them something to defend, and intelligence and sense to defend it, and thus secure a Union element in Tennessee, for instance, to outweigh the masked treason which now governs those States. Of course, this is a long process, but it is the only one. In this struggle between Aristocracy and Democracy, Northern civilization, based on Democracy, must commend itself to the minds, plant itself in the hearts of these five million, and we must create there that love of Union which God gave us ready made and indestructible in the negro's heart, and which we so madly flung away.

In this work of education, the Federal government must lead the way. With its great power and vast patronage, it may command attention and buy support anywhere, in time. Said Cassius Clay to me, ten years ago, "Give me the patronage of the government, and I'll make Kentucky an Abolition State in ten years." To effect this, the government must work with clean hands; the lesson must be plain and consistent; wherever it appears, the negro must be treated as a man; if he may not rise yet to the just level of a voter, his manhood must be sacred. Only by a true Democratic practice can the nation breed up this ally in the convictions and habits of the South. In this necessarily slow education of the poor whites, we need not only the example of consistent practice by the Federal government, but we need also the weight of the non-voting four million blacks grappled to us by links stronger than steel—gratitude for justice and fair play. In any attempt to govern there by merely playing off one class against the other, we shall be beaten. Said a most sagacious Tennessee lawyer to me, within a week—"Leave one square inch, one thread of the slave system, and the old slaveholders will rule us as before, and use us ever against the Union." Mr. Whalley, member of the House of Representatives from West Virginia, made a similar remark to the House, in still more emphatic terms. State laws and customs will continue for years to crush the negro, while he has no ballot to defend himself; and this will keep alive class hatred, and poison State politics. But let the Federal government, in all its branches, in every act, ignore the difference between white and black, be blind to color, and soon its preponderating influence will lift State habits to its own level, and make true Democracy possible. This shows the kind of man and policy I deem indispensable the next four years—why I demand a President disposed and resolved to administer the government in this mood—which Mr. Lincoln has never done, either in the army or in civil affairs, even since his proclamation of January, 1863.

You see I come round again to the corner-stone of justice and equal rights. I am an Abolitionist still, as well as a citizen. The experience of thirty years assures me that no peace basis but one of justice to the negro is possible. I should scout it as infamous if it were possible. For twenty-five years I sought to break the Union in order to secure justice. I seek to save it now only for the same end—justice. I know as well as any man the value of a true nationality. No words can adequately describe it. But even a true nationality is nothing to me when weighed against justice. That sham nationality we have had—a herd of States kept together, as a great orator said, by partnership in hunting slaves—I detest. The same curse I once asked of God on the old Union, I shall pray for any new one which does not rest on absolute justice. War, war forever, oh, God! until this nation acknowledges the manhood of the negro!

So much for the nature of the war and the conditions of any durable peace. One word now as to the motives which inspired the war. If you ask nine out of ten of the Republican editors and speakers in this canvass, "What are we fighting for?" they will reply, "For the Union—nothing more—nothing less—nothing else." This, I believe, is the idea which lightens out of the gorgeous elcquence of Everett yesterday at Faneuil Hall. When I quote him for it, I can give it no more honorable endorsement; for, since 1861, few men have a more honorable or enviable record than Edward Everett.

But with due deference let me say, this popular statement has only a homœopathic proportion of truth—about truth enough to furnish a basis for a Congressional resolve. But it would never hold water under cross-examination in any County court. What made the North, in 1861, resist the South's attack? Not the mere love of the Union. Had that been the simple and only motive, the North would, in my opinion, have yielded, as she had done a score of times, and secured, on infamous conditions, an infamous Union. The North chose war instead of submission as the means to save the Union, in 1861, because she perceived that war would practically destroy slavery, and give the nation at the same time the right solemnly to abolish it. But for this motive, I do not believe the North would have ever accepted the Southern challenge. All our history shows this. Every man familiar with 1861 one inch below the surface has facts to prove it heaped up and running over. The South, judging us by Washington alone, had a right to expect, as she did, the usual submission from the North. But the Abolitionists, in thirty years of agitation, had lifted the people to a nobler level. You remember that struggle against what Macaulay calls "a sullen priesthood and a raving crowd"—that hurricane which swept over us, rending the sects to pieces, scattering parties in fragments, and tearing up colossal reputations by the roots. In that storm, Webster's frigate foundered at dead of night, and Seward's dory keeled bottom-side up and drifted.

Moulded by that long and faithful teaching, the masses clutched eagerly the opportunity to reconstruct the Union on an anti-slavery basis—one sure to last, and worthy to last. But for the anti-slavery agitation, the North would have had neither opinion nor purpose capable of joining battle with the South in defence of our idea of the Union. But for that agitation, the North would have submitted to have the Union either broken or remodelled, as South Carolina pleased.

And no matter what Jefferson Davis may say in his mad despair, we all know (witness Stephens and every Confederate authority) that the South seeks independence only to save slavery.

Again: after years of war, Lincoln, on the 1st of January, 1863, summoned the negro to our aid, and pledged the nation's honor and power for his freedom. It is, therefore, no longer true, if it ever was, that we are fighting only for union. No; as the President proclaimed, to the music of Niagara's thunder, we fight now for union and the liberty of the negro.

You see, therefore, that what we need as the basis of honorable peace is the real and substantial freedom of the negro, not its mere form; what we began the war for, and what we have since solemnly pledged ourselves to, is that. Up to this point, with most of what I have said, I suppose the larger portion of those I have the honor to address will agree. Here, if at all, our paths separate. You will say to me, grant it all; Mr. Lincoln acknowledges the manhood of the negro, and will use all the means of the nation to protect it. He announces Union and Liberty as the objects of the war. If I could believe in him, I, like you, would accept his renomination, and deem his reëlection a judicious act. But I judge him by his words and deeds, and holding him to that test, I dare not trust him with our future. [This announcement was received in marked silence, and created considerable attention. Several persons interrupted the speaker, inquiring as to whom he would trust, etc., to which, at the moment, he paid no attention.]

The military horizon is so bright that we may reasonably hope the next four years will see this war close, and the form and basis of reconstruction will test the honesty and statesmanship of the nation. The more brilliant and decisive our military success, the greater the danger of a false magnanimity in the hour of compromise. Such an hour is infinitely more critical than Antietam or Gettysburg. There, we may fully expect that, in the long run, victory will rest with the strongest battalions, and who doubts which section is the stronger? But all history shows us that, in making peace, the weakness and disloyalty of leaders has, in nine cases out of ten, lost the people half they had fairly earned. I see nothing in Mr. Lincoln's past to encourage the hope that we shall be any exception to that rule. Everything, on the contrary, confirms it. At such an hour, I have no faith in Abraham Lincoln.

Let me give you my reason for this distrust. But, first, let me allow that he is the only candidate in the field. As for that Confederate gunboat which anchored off Chicago, August 29th, and invited G. B. McClellan to be captain, my only wish is may she soon meet her Kearsarge, and join her sister pirate Alabama in the ocean's depths! And may her would-be captain not be so lucky as his brother Semmes! May he find no English swindler to save him from the fate he deserves!

Again: let me say that any fact which I recall to your memories to-night, I do not recall in order to throw blame on Mr. Lincoln. I have neither time nor wish for recrimination. There is a well known phrase, "Indemnity for the past, and security for the future." I ask no indemnity for the past. Let by-gones be by-gones. I only seek security for the future. I invite your attention to Mr. Lincoln's record only to judge his character and bias. American citizens, trusted at this critical hour with the future of our children, the fate of the negro, and the honor of Democratic institutions, we are bound to scrutinize carefully and anxiously the man to whom we are about to give a predominant, an almost omnipotent influence over the most momentous period of the nation's existence. I allow all his merits—remember all he has done. I am perfectly willing, here and now, for the purpose of this argument, to concede that he means the right and has only missed it—intended the public good, but has only mistaken the way. Cardinal DeRetz says that "irresolute men often wish an end, but reluct at the necessary means." Let this explain Mr. Lincoln.

You will remind me that he pledged himself at Niagara to Union and the abolition of slavery. Granted. I will not say, what I really believe, that the pledge was wrung out of him by the pressure of the Cleveland movement, and is, in a very large degree, only an electioneering act. I will accept it without question. Let me remind you, in return, that of common wars, not one in ten ever gained all they at first demanded; and of civil wars, not one in four ever did so. Reconstruction, then, will be matter of bargain. In a bargain, neither party ever gets all he sets out with asking. We must expect, therefore, that when the bargain is made, one or the other of the two claims made at Niagara will be wholly or in part surrendered. This is inevitable. Mr. Lincoln's offer is Union and Abolition. On one or the other he must compromise. Which is it likely to be? If William Lloyd Garrison stood in the President's place, I should have no fears. I should feel that though he might yield on the question of Union, he would never surrender a hair's breadth on that of Liberty for all men. Can I put the same trust in Abraham Lincoln?

In the first place, remember he is a politician; not like Mr. Garrison, a reformer. Politicians are like the fore leg and shoulder of a horse—not an upright bone in the whole column. That which is not itself crooked, stands crooked. But for this the beast could not move. Reformers are Doric columns. Weight may crush them, but can neither bend nor break. But our politician, whose function is to bend—without it the State could not move—how much will he bend, and to which side—the Union side or the Abolition side? Look at his life and judge.

Bear in mind, while we examine it, that it was slavery which struck at the nation's life; that the war was accepted to free the negro, and that the nation's necessity has forced it to link its fate with that of the negro. Now, then, observe how unduly tender the President has been toward the South; how unduly and dangerously reluctant he has been to approach the negro, or use his aid. Vigorous, despotic, decisive everywhere else, he halts, hesitates, delays to hurt the South or help the negro.

First, look at the policy of the war. At a Cabinet meeting (or something equivalent to it), held early in the Summer of 1861, it was distinctly determined not to fight the South, not to hurt it, but only to array the North in terror and strength, and wait for the effect, which it was thought would be conciliation. We were to show the South what we could do, but not do it, lest her pride be wounded and compromise rendered impossible. Mr. Blair was the only dissentient. He thought war should be carried on upon military not political principles, but was overruled. This policy continued for more than a year, and explains the dreary nightmare of McClellan. For fifteen weary months the President flung away the treasure of the North, and let her sons rot inactive. Raymond, of the New York *Times*, the President's most prominent champion, has written the history of the Administration, and devoted a chapter to McClellan. Read it—accept every fact as stated—and you will see that very defence shows the President wholly unfit for his place, provided his only object was to fight down the rebellion. Any man so conducting his own business would be bankrupt in a year, and deserve to be. Yet we have Montgomery Blair's uncontradicted and reiterated affirmation, that, for political reasons, the President "concerted" last August, to put McClellan at the head of an army. Mr. Lincoln himself told Congress, in July, 1861, that the government's greatest perplexity was to avoid receiving troops faster than it could provide for them. "In a word, the people will save their government, if the government itself will only do its part *indifferently well.*" When 1864 opened on us with the Confederacy in such flush of strength and defiance, it seems to me it proved that government had not done its duty even "*indifferently well.*" It is a foul libel on a generous nation and on Democratic institutions to say that the Administration did as much, militarily, as it might. It is a fouler libel still to say that it led the people forward to the adoption of wise measures as fast as public opinion would bear. Bear with me, fellow-citizens, while I say that no nation ever loaded its government down with such lavish treasure as we did. The world has seen no such fighting since Waterloo, if even then. Taking this into account, the war has been a failure compared with what it should have been. Notwithstanding bull-dog Grant, the old sea-kings Farragut and Dupont, the dash of Sheridan and Hooker—notwithstanding Sherman's cool persistency, more like an unyielding law of nature than a mere human will—the blood of Sedgwick and Wadsworth—Butler, the indefatigable, equal to every emergency—and Fremont, statesman and soldier alike—spite of all, means and results weighed against each other, the war is a failure. A little knot of aristocrats, discountenanced by their own fellow-citizens, standing on a volcano of four million slaves, presumes to rebel against twenty million shrewd, brave, rich, and roused men—against the richest and most skillful people in the world—and defies them for four years! Is that success? Either Democratic institutions are a failure, or our use of them is—choose! For the last twenty months the army has done all that courage and skill could do; the nation would bear inaction no longer and generals are allowed to have their way. But the twenty months before Mr. Lincoln had his own way—it was neither peace nor war, but a muddle; every brave, earnest man was hampered or proscribed, and McClellan was allowed to rule and ruin all. Who raised, as Moncure Conway says, McClellan from a petty Western Copperhead into the colossal power which divides and affrights the nation? Who called back to life the Democratic party, killed by the wind of the cannon-ball against Sumter? Abraham Lincoln's halting, half way course—neither hot nor cold—wanting to save the North without hurting the South. Mark you! this failure sprung from no want of brains, but want of purpose—of willingness to strike home.

Second. Mr. Lincoln does not lack vigor. He can be despotic when it suits him; yes, go up to and beyond, even, his war power of despotism, when he pleases. In these four years, he has been decisive and vigorous everywhere except on the slave question. This is another reason why I fear he will bend on this side when the final settlement is made.

Look at his despotism. I do not mean his necessary, judicious, honorable despotism. Suppressing disloyal presses, sending traitors to Fort Warren, suspending *habeas corpus*, is legal, necessary, to his honor. I only wish Vallandigham had been sent to prison instead of across the lines, or stayed there.

But, on the 11th of last May, Arguelles, a Cuban, was seized in New York by order of the President, and secretly conveyed on board a vessel bound for Cuba. Several days passed before even his wife knew what had become of him. The seizure was not made by virtue of any writ or order of any court, but on the simple order of the President. The State Department had been informed that Arguelles was guilty of trading in slaves. The reasons which made it a clear case of kidnapping (I mean no disrespect—that is the legal description of the offence) on the part of the President, are these: 1. It is the settled policy of our government never to surrender criminals to any foreign power unless where we are bound by treaty to do so. This is not only acknowledged to be the settled policy of our government, but it was recognized as the general law of nations, both in Westminster Hall and the House of Peers, so late as 1842, in the Creole case. 2. The Executive cannot act even under a treaty, unless Congress by statute has directed the *method.* 3. Our government must be furnished with such evidence of the person's guilt as would here justify his commitment for trial. We have no treaty with Spain, and of course no law of Congress to execute one. No tittle of evidence against Arguelles was offered our government. You have just seen the method of surrendering Muller, the London murderer; openly, in face of day; means, and time, and counsel given him for defence, and to scrutinize the charges against him. Arguelles, unaccused, in any legal sense, is stealthily kidnapped in the early morning, and without one friend being informed, without one moment given him to explain or defend himself, is consigned to a foreign dungeon. Mr. Seward confesses that the act was an exception to the whole course of our history. You all know that the Constitution gives the President no right to arrest any man. Congress has given him no right to arrest one situated like Arguelles. Of course the plea of military necessity has no place in this case. It is a wanton, needless act of usurpation and despotism on the part of the President. Napoleon committed no greater offence against national law when he sent the kidnapped Deputies to Cayenne. The U. S. Senate knows all this as well as we do, and postponed the case to December for fear of ruin to the Republican party in this canvass.

3. Gen. Frank Blair commands now a corps of the U. S. army, by the President's order, without any commission. He had held a commission as Major-General. To serve Mr. Lincoln's political purposes, he allowed Gen. Blair to resign his office, take a seat in the House of Representatives, and speak and vote there, and then resume his place in the army. His commission he could not give him back. That was gone forever, since the Constitution provides (Art. 1., Sect. 6), "No person holding any office under the United States shall be a member of either House (of Congress) during his continuance in office." The first act that Blair did in the House of Representatives, after placing his resignation in Lincoln's hands, vacated his generalship. He could not be Major-General again without the Senate's concurrence, which the President well knew Mr. Blair would never have. Hence he sent him to command a corps without a commission. The Senate submitted in silence. Louis Napoleon did nothing worse, in principle, on the 2d December, 1851. The sham French Senate of Peers has since done nothing more shameful than this sycophancy of our Senate. For whom was this despotic act ventured? For Frank Blair, whose intrigues have thus far held back Missouri from being a free State; whose sole purpose in entering the House was to insult Chase, supposed to be the only anti-slavery member of the Cabinet; and who, from 1862 to the present moment, has omitted no opportunity to belch forth his colonization insult in the most offensive terms he could select. For Frank Blair, whose brother, a member of the Cabinet, poisoned our New England air in 1863 with his impudent advocacy of colonization, and whose intrigues have nearly if not wholly lost us the Free Constitution of Maryland. Cannot Mr. Lincoln be vigorous—aye, break law in his onset—when it suits him? And, judging by such instances as these, which side in this great controversy suits him best? Of course there was no rare military ability in this case, which the President might be almost excused for securing, even irregularly. No. To Blair's incapacity we owe the death of that military genius and stout soldier McPherson.

4. One Hahn has been appointed and acts as Governor of Louisiana by a private, unofficial note of Abraham Lincoln. Another act of wanton and needless usurpation on Lincoln's part. This, however, is only a part of his whole gigantic usurpation in taking to himself the whole matter of reconstruction. The President manipulates into existence sham military Boards in Tennessee, Arkansas, and Louisiana, baptizes them State governments, and it is asserted by a leading Republican Senator that they are to be and ought to be permitted to vote in this Presidential election. It is to carry out this unblushing scheme that he vetoed the Congressional bill last July (there is really *no veto* under our Constitution, but we use the term for convenience), a veto which drew forth the only manly act done by the Republicans for a twelve-month; I mean the protest of Messrs. Wade and Davis.

I call the whole action of the President usurpation, because reconstruction cannot begin in any State till war ends. Whenever and wherever war ends, all authority to reconstruct rests in Congress; every act of the Executive under the idea of reconstruction is usurpation, wanton, needless, and preëminently dangerous. If we had statesmen and not partisans in Congress, the first act of the President of this nature would have been met by impeachment, or full warning of it, unless the step was retraced. I am an Abolitionist, and rejoice in everything which prolongs this war now that its prolongation becomes necessary to the freedom of the negro. But I am also a citizen, and watch vigilantly for the welfare of constitutional government. If Mr. Lincoln should use such votes and be elected by them, no citizen would be bound to submit to his election; every lover of constitutional liberty would be bound to resist it in the best way he could.

These certainly are acts of pure despotism, and such as no theory of the war power can justify, and for which no plea of military necessity can be made. I do not recall them now as matter of accusation against the President, so much as to show that he can be energetic, vigorous and decisive where it suits him; and if he is not so in protecting and using the negro, it is only from lack of wish. But in themselves these acts are of grave importance in judging the Administration and the President. You think little of these things now, shutting your foolish eyes, sealing them tight with childish confidence in Abraham Lincoln. But suppose McClellan should be elected, and, with Chicago managers behind him, inherits these despotic tools Mr. Lincoln has manufactured—what then? Suppose he should exercise the right, without law, Constitution, or evidence of crime, to kidnap men in their bed-chambers, and answer congressional inquiry by telling them he knew it was opposed to all law and precedent, but it was his will? Suppose, without consulting the Senate, and without commissions, he should put Vallandigham, Seymour, and Wood in Grant's, Sherman's and Sheridan's places—what then? Suppose he should claim exclusive right to reconstruct the South so as to secure his own election, with the aid of some convenient Banks to help him, and veto all bills that interfered with his plan? All these things he could do, and silence criticism by saying he was only following in such steps of his illustrious predecessor as had been silently or expressly approved by the Republican party, and indorsed at Baltimore.

But let us come directly to the Emancipation question, and Mr. Lincoln's general bearing toward the negro, and by a fair examination of his whole record fit ourselves to judge which, at the final settlement, he will yield on, the question of Union or that of the negro.

First let me say, that though valuing the war chiefly, as I believe the controlling minds of the North do, for this its incidental but inevitable result (those minds but for which the war would never have been undertaken), still no one of them ever asked government to abolish slavery merely because it was sinful. When Mr. Lincoln had got power by swearing to sustain a pro-slavery Constitution, no one ever asked him to do an official act "in mere deference to his abstract judgment and feeling on slavery." We have only called on the government to touch slavery as a righteous, efficient and necessary means to save the Union. But let us recur to Mr. Lincoln's record.

In his debate with Douglas, in 1858, he would not grant the negroes citizenship or suffrage—was opposed to their political or social equality—and believed the two races could never live together.

In Congress, he made himself prominent by adding to the power of the infamous Fugitive Slave Bill—extending the area to which it would apply. When he left home to assume the Presidency, his first pledge was to return slaves. During his Administration, Congress has been busy and glorious in a dozen anti-slavery measures—admitting negroes to testify in courts—abolishing slavery in the District and Territories—freeing the slaves of rebels and others—acknowledging Liberia and Hayti—attempting to do justice to the colored soldier in the matter of pay, etc., etc. Of originating all these, the merit belongs wholly to Congress. We do not hear of any effort of the President connected with them. He only coöperated, and in some (as confiscation) reluctantly coöperated. Their effort to guarantee his own proclamation he vetoed. Bear in mind that the North accepted the war mainly, if not wholly, to get at the means of abolishing slavery—that the South rebelled to save it—and that Mr. Lincoln, in his interview, September, 1862, with the Chicago Committee, said, "Slavery is at the root of the rebellion, or at least its *sine qua non.*"

Still, after that long interview between the President and the Border State representatives, in July, 1862, Mr. Horace Maynard, one of those present, thus describes to Mr. Lincoln the impression it made on him:

> "Your whole Administration gives the highest assurance that you are moved, not so much from a desire to see all men everywhere made free, as from a desire to preserve free institutions for the benefit of men already free; not to make slaves free men, but to prevent free men from being made slaves; not to destroy an institution which a portion of us only consider bad, but to save an institution which we all alike consider good. I am satisfied that you would not ask from any of your fellow-citizens a sacrifice not in your judgment imperatively required by the safety of the country. This is the spirit of your appeal, and I respond to it in the same spirit."

December, 1862, just before his Emancipation proclamation, Mr. Lincoln says, in a letter to Fernando Wood, that if the South will only submit, a full and general amnesty will be granted; and asks that if Mr. Wood knows anything of a disposition on the part of the South to do so, he will inform him, the President; adding, "such information might be more valuable before the 1st of January than after it." An intimation which confirms all we learn elsewhere of the reluctance with which he consented to issue his proclamation, and his wish that the slaveholding rebels might aid him to avoid it. In his message to Congress, a year after, December, 1863, the President says he had "HOPED the rebellion could be suppressed without resorting to it (Emancipation) as a military measure."

But he reveals his disposition on this matter most clearly in his letter to Mr. Greeley, August, 1862. He says: "If there are those who would not save the Union, unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them." That is true; nobody ever thought so ill of him. Farther: "If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could, at the same time, destroy slavery, I do not agree with them." That is true; nobody ever thought so well of him. He goes on: "My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or to destroy slavery." Agreed: very allowable and right for an officer under the Constitution of 1789. He adds: "If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it." Here I differ; and this is the very spot where the Statesman and Abolitionist part company with Mr. Lincoln. That I am not catching at a chance phrase to judge him unfairly, let me remind you that he reiterates the same principle still more emphatically in his letter dated April, 1864. He tells Mr. Hodges that he vetoed Fremont and then Cameron and then Hunter, because he thought the hour of INDISPENSABLE *necessity* had not come. He adds that he endeavored, in March, May, and July, 1862, by earnest appeals to the Border States, to avert that necessity, and when finally driven to Emancipation, he used it doubting whether he should get greater gain or loss from it.

This is a vastly important statement by which to test the President's mood on this question; and on that mood depends largely our future. This word "necessary" has played a large part in our constitutional history. The Constitution gives Congress "power to make all laws *necessary* and proper for carrying into execution" its other powers. Strict constructionists, specially at the South, have contended that this means *indispensably* necessary; Congress can, under this clause, only use such means as it is not possible to do without. On the other hand, the interpretation accepted at the North and by the Supreme Court is, that "necessary" means conducive to, convenient for, requisite, etc. For instance, Congress, under its general power to make war, may use all "necessary" means; that is, it may build forts as requisite and convenient for war. Yet war could be, and has been, made without forts, hence they are not *indispensably* necessary; and if the Southern construction prevailed, Congress could erect no fortifications. So of the use of iron-clads, monitors, and steamships—not indispensable; navies existed hundreds of years without them.

So of the war power. That gives Mr. Lincoln the right to use all means *necessary* for success. When he looks North, and deals with Northern blood, treasure or rights, he interprets this word "necessary" as covering what (to use his own words in his message of March, 1862) "seems indispensable, or may obviously promise great efficiency." But when he looks South towards Southern institutions, it means "absolutely *indispensable.*" Journals and men talk too freely about the government—suppress the one and send the other to Fort Warren. Suspend *habeas corpus*, and let Mr. Seward's "little bell" supersede all courts, State and Federal. All right. In these things Mr. Lincoln only did his duty, and deserves the thanks of all good citizens. But, mark, he does not try for a few months or years whether he could not get along with the ordinary course of law, indictments, juries, judges and State jails. Oh, no; to suspend *habeas corpus* is an efficient and convenient means to sustain the government, *therefore* it is *necessary* in the sense of the Constitution and war power. No need to try whether you could not get along in the old ordinary way. This is a good way and sure, therefore select it at once and waste no time, treasure, or blood in experiments. Agreed. The country says amen—lays free speech, personal liberty, the blood of sons and the wealth of the nation cheerfully on the altar. Then Mr. President turns toward slavery. Is it the root of the rebellion? asks the Nation. Yes, says the President. Why not at once cut it up and end the rebellion? asks the Nation, which sees the whole government swallowed up by Gen. McClellan on the one hand and Seward's "little bell" on the other.

For refusing this request there can be only three reasons given. 1st, either Mr. Lincoln believes that slavery has some more sacred constitutional guarantee than free speech and personal liberty have; or, 2d, he dreads grappling with and offending Southern and slave-holding public opinion more than he does trampling (necessarily) on Northern love of free speech; or, 3d, he believes that if it be not quite true that "a negro has no rights which a white man is bound to respect," still, a white man's rights and wrongs are to be all settled before a negro is attended to. One or the other of these must be the reason why *habeas corpus* was in its shroud almost two years before the President ventured to touch slavery. Choose which you prefer to explain that long criminal delay. When you have chosen, look and see whether the reason you give does not wholly or largely unfit one poisoned by it to hold the casting vote in that final settlement where the slave's rights and the North's hang trembling? Do not avoid this by saying, "Oh! Mr. Lincoln did not believe then that the negro would fight; he knows better now." That is evasion, and not reply. Grant that the negro had been a very poor soldier; to take at any time from the enemy even a poor soldier and an average laborer must be a gain, and wholly a gain, unless Mr. Lincoln feared that Emancipation would so fire the Southern heart and Northern Copperhead against us as more than to counterbalance the gain; which is only my second reason under another name—that is, dread of the "*South*" as it shows itself at Charleston and Chicago, and contempt for the negro. This canvass, showing how strong the Democratic party has become under his nursing, will only make him more timid and unfit. If dread of conservatism, North and South, delayed Emancipation and explains why he has not yet done justice to the negro in anything, as I shall show, and now turns the cold shoulder to radicalism, why may not that same fear make him sacrifice us next year in making peace? Indeed, I suspect that man who uses whole despotism in Massachusetts and only half despotism in South Carolina: who uses a Northern interpretation of the Constitution against the North, and shifts to a Southern interpretation of the same clause to protect the South.

"I would save the Union if I could without freeing a slave"! Suppose he and Fernando Wood, in December, 1862, had patched up a peace without freeing a slave and then follow Mr. Lincoln to the bar of History. "You held the Nation in your hand when slavery rebelled?" "Yes." "You had the right to free every slave." "Yes." "You knew it would be a mortal blow at the rebellion?" "Yes." "And yet you *hoped* and struggled to make peace and avoid liberty." "Yes." Would not History answer, "I need no delicate scales of Christianity to weigh such sins. Paganism hisses from her grave of two thousand years—*Qui non vetat, cum debeat et possit, jubet.* He who does not abolish when he might and ought, establishes. Go, new founder of slavery!"

But you will say this is unjust to Mr. Lincoln. He would have freed the slave if he had believed that free negroes would have given us any help. He held back from freeing them because he would not risk the Union merely to help the slave. To that I answer, the ingrained Tory, who believed a man would not fight because he was black, is not the man to settle the terms of peace where the negro is so nearly concerned. I answer again, the man who knew so little what the North went to war for, is not the man to mould its conditions of peace. Ignorance of his own time and contempt for the negro are not just the qualities to stereotype into law what our sons are dying for in Virginia.

Do you say Mr. Lincoln has unlearned contempt for the negro? Let us inquire and see.

In July, 1861, at the motion of Lovejoy, the House of Representatives resolved, 93 to 55, that "it is no part of a soldier's duty to return fugitive slaves." A formal Bill was enacted March, 1862. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, said in the House that Grant returned twelve from Fort Donelson, February, 1862; Senator Grimes, in April, '62, charged "those high in military office" with this guilt. Mr. Sumner at that time denounced McCook, Buel, Hooker, and Halleck's infamous order No. 3, banishing all fugitives from our lines. Show me from that day till now, among the crowds of offenders, one officer whom Mr. Lincoln has ever punished for this infamous offence! Is this the heart, this the fair play and sense of justice, that the negro or the Northerner can trust with the keen bargain which is to issue in peace?

In December, 1861, Congress denounced the horrible brutalities of the District jail—showing that Christendom could hardly parallel it. The marshal had the almost incredible impudence to deny admission to Senators. The North shook with indignation at the barbarous and impudent violation of all law in the treatment of the colored race there. For more than a year Mr. Lincoln refused to remove the cruel and brutal marshal. I am not sure that he has even yet done so.

In January, 1863, Mr. Lincoln summoned the blacks into the army, the War Department promising them the same treatment as white soldiers. He allows, in his letter to Hodges, that he has there some 300,000 enrolled. Their help, he says, is indispensable. He never freed them, he says, out of any regard for them; no, only when he could not help it. He confesses he could not now do without them. At any moment since that 1st of January he might have paid these *indispensable allies* the same as he paid white soldiers. The best lawyers in the land told him so. The entreaties of Radicals were met with trifling and vulgar replies. He never moved. It was the Summer of 1864 before he even asked his legal adviser, Mr. Bates, for his opinion. Congress specially authorized him to act on that opinion. Mr. Bates tells him that white and black soldiers stand legally on the same level. *The President still refuses to treat them so in the matter of pay.* Is this the man to watch their rights in the conferences touching peace?

Fort Pillow! Those two words tell the whole sad history. In July, 1863, Mr. Lincoln announced that if any black soldier were killed in violation of the laws of war, a rebel captive should be executed. Then came the massacre of Fort Pillow. Mr. Lincoln went to Baltimore and promised to carry out his order if any authentic case was brought to his notice. A Congressional Committee lays the sworn evidence of Fort Pillow before him. Nothing is done. When the rebel Gen. Jones puts fifty of our white officers under fire, government is quick to put the same number of the same rank under their fire, and stop the outrage. Ah, but the victims there were white! *they* had rights which the President must attend to! When black men in our uniform were taken prisoners in Virginia, and sold into slavery, the President tells the Chicago Committee, in 1862, "Mr. Greeley says we shall do nothing about it. *What could I do?*" Poor man! with only half a million of men in arms, and four millions of dollars a day to spend, and a hot, indignant nation to sustain him, *what could he do?* Butler, to be sure, always finds a way to stop rebel cannon when pointed at his trenches full of black soldiers. He merely spikes them with a Brigadier or two, and soon "all is quiet at the front." But, to be sure, what could one poor, weak, isolated President do in such cases? He has no *will*, and therefore no *way*.

New Orleans! *Freedmen* whipped to their task—not allowed to pass from town to town, or to make their own bargains, by the favorite, Gen. Banks. Free colored men twice give the city to us—once to Butler, once to Banks—but they cannot vote, even when the President breaks every Louisiana law to stuff the ballot-boxes with soldiers' ballots, and manufactures a sham State out of refuse to balance Massachusetts in the electoral college.

Missouri is told that the Radicals do not represent Mr. Lincoln, who goes for "*gradual*" emancipation. In consequence of this, and Frank Blair's intrigues, Missouri is still a slave State, and we only dare yet hope, are not sure, that Maryland is saved from Mr. Lincoln's other pet, Montgomery Blair—both Colonizationists, as Mr. Lincoln is to this day, so far as the world knows. Chivalrous men! willing that the "*indispensable*" negro should fight for them, and give them a country, but meaning to make the first use of peace and power to export their defenders! How nobly the negro has fought his way to recognition and respect! fought his way to it against a President who has poured contempt upon him in word and deed! He proposes to colonize men with the same right to their native land as himself; and he tells the Chicago clergymen, at a time when he himself refuses to accept the negroes' service, that "they do nothing but eat, and he feared if he gave them muskets, it would only be giving them to rebels"! How must the utterer of such words blush when he hears of Port Hudson, Fort Wagner and Petersburg! Yet where's the evidence of any change of heart or opinion?

Do not these things show an undue tenderness toward the South, and an undue and dangerous reluctance to use, or help, or do justice to the negro? Where is the officer, civil or military, ever punished for a pro-slavery act? How long the list, beginning with Phelps, Fremont, Butler, of those exiled and proscribed because they begged the President, as Everett says, to "draw this new weapon from the armory of public law"? The President never voluntarily made one step towards the negro, has never even kept step with Congress; never moved in that direction till driven by terrible disaster or imperious public opinion. Emancipation itself was not granted till the world cried Shame! and the North, bleeding at every pore, widows and orphans, childless men and mothers, shook the Capitol with their demands. Be sure, therefore, you keep alive such pressure, or Weed will own him next term.

But that great act, the Emancipation proclamation of 1863. This trusty friend of the negro, to whom we blindly trust our and his future, knows that many lawyers doubt its validity, yet vetoes the effort of Congress to strengthen and endorse it! The only two members of his Cabinet who ever pledged themselves to its lasting longer than the war, and covering every slave—Blair and Chase—are out; the one, Seward, who says it will cease with the war, is still the head of the Cabinet—yes, retained there in spite of the remonstrance of fourteen States in 1863, and the request of even the Baltimore Convention for his removal. The New York *Times*, Lincoln's organ, edited by the Chairman of the Lincoln National Committee, thinks the President is bound by it neither officially nor personally. Mr. Weed, whose support was of importance enough to be bought with the gift of the New York Custom House, and by turning Chase from the Cabinet, laments that Lincoln should ever so unnecessarily have yielded himself to the Radicals, and assures us that "the Administration is working itself out of its *false position*"!

Mr. Seward's home organ tells us that Mr. Lincoln will be elected by Mr. Seward's friends, and will co-operate with them; and the *Evening Post*, best of the Republican journals, said, Oct. 17, 1864:

> "No, there is but one mode of getting at peace, and that is for all who are in arms against the Constitution and laws to lay down their arms. Let them do that, and our armies will quickly disperse; let them do that, and there will be no subjugations, no revenges, and nothing to submit to but the laws which are common to all; let them do that, and then we shall meet them in friendly conference to correct what is wrong, to enlarge what is narrow, to remove what is oppressive and grievous, and to modify our opinions even to any extent that may be necessary to the more secure establishment of liberty and justice. But Mr. Stephens and all his coadjutors may rely upon it that our national unity, the single means of prosperity at home and defence abroad will never be abandoned while a hand remains to wave the glorious emblem of the one republic."

Yes, only Union! and we will all modify, *to any extent*, our opinions about liberty, to suit these rebels!

Do not imagine that I stand alone in this judgment of the President, though others are seemingly silent to-day. Judge Durant, of New Orleans, says:

> "The journalists, politicians and public men of our country hold two sets of opinions, one for their private use, which they believe in, the other for public display; so that what appears to be public opinion cannot be trusted as the opinion of the public. If this do not cease, the cause of liberty is in danger. Our leading men look too much to the candidate, and too little to the law and the people. In secret they deplore the calamity of a choice they dare not repudiate, from the unfounded fear that opposition would secure the success of an anti-national candidate."

I find the same insincerity or timidity here. The Republicans, born of the Whigs, have no faith in the people. That is the reason why I feel we shall never long hold the nation in any line of policy till we get a certain section of the Democrats into the Republican ranks. Let me quote to you the private opinions of a dozen leading Republicans; not their chance street talk, but their ripe, solemn, reiterated counsels to their friends. I quote nothing which has not been uttered since the 1st of May last, and I quote no man who in civil life does not stand on a level like that of a major-general in the service, and no one who is not now an active supporter of Mr. Lincoln. "Mr. Lincoln's reëlection would be a disaster," says one. "It

would be national destruction," says another. "I would rather see McClellan President, and oppose him, than kill the virtue of the Republican party by apologizing for Lincoln another four years," says a third. "Out of twenty-four Republican Senators, only six voted for Lincoln's renomination," says a fifth. "There is no such thing as a government at Washington—no purpose there," says a sixth. "Whether the Cabinet be good or bad, there's not timber enough in Lincoln for a President in such hours as are coming," says a seventh. "Lincoln is incapable, but is safe if managed by the Radicals, not otherwise," manfully declares Winter Davis. "Enter the Union League of the third city of the Union, and you would fancy by the talk there was not a Lincoln man there," says the ninth.

Two years ago, the most influential paper west of the mountains long debated whether not to demand Mr. Lincoln's withdrawal. "The Supreme Court will most likely set aside the proclamation," said the ablest man in the House to me, in January, 1863; but he would rather trust our chances there than trust Lincoln to appoint judges there. Wade submits to Lincoln, but even repeats his indignant protest against his usurpation in the beginning of his speech. Before the news of Atlanta came, the leading Republicans of New York were a committee to ask Lincoln to withdraw, and their circulars were scattered over the West appointing a new Convention. News of Atlanta came and they succumbed. I hardly know of a leading Republican press or speaker who did not give that plan his countenance.

All this testimony and action prove the unfitness of the President, in the opinion of radical men, to mould the peace which is coming. How then did Mr. Lincoln succeed to be renominated, and hence to silence his opposers? By using the same means which the South has used for seventy years. She was wont to say to the North, "Submit to my terms, or I'll break the Union," and till 1861, the North, afraid to risk division, submitted. So Lincoln, putting down his foot, said to Massachusetts and the Republican party, "Submit, or risk dividing the Republican party if you dare!" They submit, and he is master of the situation. Perhaps, on political and party grounds, they can do nothing else, and he cannot be averted. But I am no politician. I risked dividing the Union for the slave's sake, and I dare, in the same cause, to risk dividing the Republican party. In fact, the President has never done an act, and never will, but from fear. He fears Weed, Seward and Conservatism to day, and acts so as to conciliate it. Mr. Weed has the Custom House, and Seward runs round the country disgracing the nation with his offers to give up honor and all for peace. But Mr. Lincoln, next year, will obey Radicalism, for all that, if Radicalism, instead of putting its hand on its mouth, as now, is as imperious as Weed—and this is the moral of my talk to you to-night.

Ask these Republicans why they submit, and they answer—"We have made such a reputation for Mr. Lincoln that he can safely defy us, and is master of the situation." A poor reply, I think, especially when even Weed told them this Fall—"*Together*, you can make Lincoln withdraw in forty-eight hours." Pluck and trust in each other, of both which there is plentiful lack, would have made them masters of the hour. But if it be too late, I beg to remind them of Dryden's line—

"Idiots only may be cozened twice."

Don't let them now pursue a policy of timid, indiscriminate praise toward the President, which will make him master next year, and give him the weapon to frighten them from protest if next Summer he drags them into shameful compromise. Let them remember this was the folly which lifted the dwarf McClellan, and set him on the shoulders of power; this the policy that enabled the Baltimore Convention to defy the party. No more such mistakes. Sheridan used to say he had heard of men knocking their brains out against brick walls, but never of building brick walls specially and only in order to knock one's brains out. And yet this is the policy pursued. Witness the offer of the *Evening Post*; and, further, listen to one of Mr. Lincoln's able advocates—Mr. Tilton, of the *Independent*—at Latimer Hall, Brooklyn. He says:

"As other gentlemen have spoken on other topics, let me advert to Slavery. I regret that so many voices, speaking for the Union cause, are silent on this question—pushing it aside as irrelevant. Have they forgotten the Baltimore platform? It stands on two pillars—the overthrow of the rebellion, and the prohibition of slavery. Therefore, when Republican speakers make the war question their only topic, burying the slavery question in silence, they are not faithful to the banner they bear—they tear it in twain, and lift only half. The Baltimore platform lays fully before the people the slavery question. If, therefore, this question is to be lulled to rest in Republican meetings, touched tenderly, called secondary, passed over as a theme on which the less said the better, then one great purpose of the Baltimore platform is already defeated before the day of battle in November." * * *

"It is lamentable to notice how many influential Republicans are speaking and writing as if we ought, for prudential reasons, to thrust out of sight the nobler half of the Baltimore platform. The Constitutional amendment is not awarded its due share in the canvass. It is avoided as a subject which, too freely handled, may endanger the election—may frighten away some voters who mean to vote with us only on condition that the election, when gained, shall mean nothing. Let the Democratic party, if they will, abandon their platform, but let us beware of abandoning ours! The Democratic party, expecting to be defeated, can well afford to change their ground, if only for the sake of entrapping us into changing ours. Nothing will so please the Democrats as to silence Republicans on the slavery question. Our enemies will have everything to gain by that policy—we, everything to lose. This slighting of the main question is dangerous, unmanly, and cowardly."

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"There are ominous whisperings in Washington, saying, 'We shall conquer at the ballot-box, and in the field; we shall bring the rebellion to its knees; we shall be asked for terms; now what terms shall we grant?' And the counselled answer is, 'Make the terms easy for white men and hard for black. Free all slaves who have freed themselves; but, beyond this, shield the surrendering States from the application of the Edict of Freedom.' Now to this I cry, Shame! Think of it, O my countrymen! The government is at this moment being counselled to this baseness, to this perjury, to this shame—not that it will heed the Devil's whisper! but counselled to stand ready for the ignominy of breaking the nation's faith to compromise with the nation's enemy. Gentlemen, our ballots are yet uncast. Let us give fair warning, as we cast them, saying, 'This is for the Batimore platform, every jot and tittle—this is for the overthrow of the rebellion—this is for the death and burial of slavery—this is for a Constitutional amendment set upon its grave to watch against its resurrection!' I propose to you, therefore, for your loudest cheers, as a sentiment expressing the true duty of the hour, 'No parley with the rebellion in the field; no compromise with slavery in the readjustment.'"

These are true and loyal words. So are the manful protests of Davis and Wade, heard above the siren song of caucus praise.

I know and regret that some even of those who have stood with me on a disunion platform for twenty years submit and support Mr. Lincoln as "the less of two evils." When, till now, did the anti-slavery cause have scales to weigh moral evils? Outsiders offer such Abolitionists the equivocal praise of being "good men attempting half measures when whole measures are impossible, and thus turning reforming minorities into majorities." Reform never acknowledges that whole measures are impossible. Reform never planned, nor believed it possible—nor allowable if it were possible—to change minorities into majorities, by lowering its demands and proclaiming itself content with half measures. Politics believes that, and acts accordingly; does what it can, not what it ought. There may be an hour sometimes—once in five hundred years—when it is so necessary to put some great man, only given to the world once in an age, into office, that conscience may, perhaps, be pardoned if she shuts her eyes, and not only submits but aids in the inevitable. But, in my opinion, this is no such hour, and Mr. Lincoln is by no means such an exceptional man, ripened, like the aloe, only once in an age. I see no reason in descending from my level of Reformer to that of politician—no reason offered by any Republican issue or candidate. The anti-slavery party cannot safely thus desert its post. To be unwilling to risk dividing the Republican party, by demanding absolute justice of men who believe in it, is to throw discredit on our maxims of twenty years' use. I know of no one who claims support for Mr. Lincoln, except as a choice of evils, and to avert McClellan and disunion. But we have always said the Union is nothing weighed against justice. Why change? We have always demanded the whole loaf. The Fremonters offered us half in 1856. We took the risk of refusing, and brought in Buchanan. Horace Mann, surely as honest a man as Lincoln, offered us half a loaf in the dark night of 1850. We refused; and was our outside moral protest wasted? No; *it, and it alone, made* 1861 *and its gallant resistance possible.* It, and it alone, saved what little the nation did save from Buchanan. Why change our method now? "Fear nothing but fear," as Conway so aptly quotes from Montaigne. Mr. Lincoln shakes his finger at political Massachusetts, crying, "Risk dividing the party if you dare!" Political Massachusetts succumbs, sullen and reluctant, but silent. Anti-Slavery Massachusetts neither succumbs nor is silent. She calls out, over the heads of these noisy and insincere, or silent and discouraged leaders, of the earnest men of the nation, "Save your own cause!" This is the people's cause, and I am willing, Mr. Lincoln in 1862 being witness, to trust them with it; it is safe to trust them with it; that course has saved liberty the last thirty years. We know its value by experience. But the people must know the truth, and the whole truth. No two sets of opinions, one for clubs and another for the hustings. I turn to the earnest men of the Republican party and remind them that only by linking the people to their side and support have they ever been able to make headway against the selfishness of party, the ignorance and toryism of the Conservative. Let not the people be induced or permitted, at this momentous hour, to put one iota of faith in any man more than his purpose and character justify. I charge them with inducing and permitting this, while they know, by thirty years' experience on this slave question, that such appeals in the past to the people have done nothing but good; indeed, been our only check on bad men and weak men, and our only salvation. I am speaking to those who stand on the political level, and mean to vote. To them I say, Be vigilant, and demand imperiously of your party, now and always, in season and out, fidelity to the North and the slave. I am speaking to those who will ignore party and pause long before they do any act which leads the country to believe they *trust* Abraham Lincoln.

You ask me why not try more direct methods. I did. I gave all of influence I had to that Cleveland movement, which pledged itself to absolute justice—whose official committee offered a letter of mine, as radical as I could make it, as part of the platform, to their candidate, and he accepted it. History will search and tell why the door opened by Cleveland to the earnest and leading men of both parties, at their request, was not used. I only here repeat my firm belief that that section of the Democratic party which looked to Cleveland (and allowed itself to be merged in Chicago only because Atlanta's good news came a day too late) will have to be won into the Republican ranks before this nation can be long held to any line of policy, good or bad. But the Cleveland movement did gallant and yeomanly service. It put the only anti-slavery plank into the Baltimore platform; it tossed Montgomery Blair out of the Cabinet, though, to be sure, it has not wrenched him from the President's heart; and the Cleveland men were those *whom it did concern* Mr. Lincoln to reach by his pledge at Niagara. Good wages for a single day's work at Cleveland! When Cleveland withdrew its whole loaf, I, a reformer, refused the Republican half loaf, and resumed my agitation. I have no great fear of the South; we can defend ourselves from her. It is deception, a timidity, a shortcoming on the part of our own leaders, that makes our greatest danger.

Indeed, I regret that my old friends see no longer eye to eye with me. As for the common world, the *Daily Advertiser, Evening Post, Tribune*, the Governors and Senators, whose voices are loudest in this canvass, their dissent does not surprise me. It took them twenty years to find out that the Abolitionists were no fanatics, and to join us in 1861. I cheerfully grant them ten years more to see, not men like trees walking, but clearly, the whole meaning of this issue and its needs. Day dawns gradually from twilight to noon, for all who keep their eyes open; for those who will open their eyes wide enough only to take in a party platform or candidate, it remains always twilight. Reform cries always, "No danger in opening your eyes wide!" Lincoln will obey the strongest. Only agitation will keep us the strongest, or show him that we are so. Agitate! agitate! now, in the harvest time, when every ear in the nation is open, when hearts and minds are malleable! Indeed, gentlemen, this course is our only safety. Remember the pregnant words of Macaulay, "The true secret of the power of agitators is the obstinacy of government. Liberal governments make moderate citizens." Mr. Lincoln, in 1848, when he opposed the Mexican war, dared to tell Polk and his party that it was the duty of a good citizen to distinguish, in such times, between the *President* and the *Country*. Mr. Seward writes to Adams, Sept. 10, 1862:

"In this country especially, it is a habit not only entirely consistent with the Constitution, but even *essential to its stability, to regard the Administration at any time existing as* DISTINCT AND SEPARATE FROM THE GOVERNMENT ITSELF, *and to canvass the proceedings of the one without the thought of disloyalty to the other.* We might possibly have had quicker success in suppressing the insurrection if this habit could have rested a little longer in abeyance; but, on the other hand, we are under obligations to save not only the unity or the integrity of the country, but also its inestimable and precious Constitution. *No one can safely say that the resumption of the previous popular habit does not tend to this last and most important consummation*, if at the same time, as we confidently expect, the Union shall be saved."

Can I do any great harm by a fanaticism which Seward approves, and of which Lincoln sets the example?

Gentlemen, I will cheerfully support any man for the Presidency whom I believe honest, capable, and resolved to end this war so as "to form a more perfect union," to "insure domestic tranquillity" forever, "to establish justice" for all men of every race, and to "secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity"—meaning by ourselves every one born under the flag, and every one who takes refuge beneath it. Against every other man I mean to agitate, till I bayonet him and his party into justice.

[Mr. Phillips repeated the foregoing speech, in substance, at the Cooper Institute in this city, on Wednesday evening the 26th ult., before a crowded audience. At the close, Mr. THEODORE TILTON, who was on the platform, being loudly called for, responded as follows:]

As when one strikes a silver bell, so Mr. Phillips always strikes a clear note for Liberty, Justice, and National Honor. By the highest tests, and by these alone, he judges men, measures, policies, administrations. This is the true ideal, the true method. If our government is not able to stand such judgment, it is time that you and I join hands with Mr. Phillips to make it able (applause). My disagreement with Mr. Phillips is not on account of his high standard nor of his severe method. I accept both. But, holding up this standard, and holding up the government to be tested by this standard, I think he errs in not "laying judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet" (applause). For instance, he says, "Liberty and Union—on which of these points will the government compromise?—for it will compromise on the one or the other." Now, my countrymen, I, for one, would not stand the advocate of this Administration if I thought that Mr. Lincoln, after his reëlection, would compromise either Liberty or Union! (Great applause) I shall vote with the Republican party because I believe that such a vote is the only practicable way of securing *both* Liberty and Union (applause). I will tell you another reason why I vote for Mr. Lincoln. The Democratic member of Congress in my Brooklyn District, Moses F. Odell, said that, being present in Philadelphia on the State election day, he saw a soldier, who had lost a leg, walking on a crutch to the ballot-box. "Sir," said Mr. Odell, "are you voting for McClellan?" "No," said the soldier, "I am voting for Lincoln." "Well," said the Congressman—a Democrat, who, I am glad to say, has since become ashamed of his party—"I thought the soldiers were all for McClellan." "Look here, stranger," responded the hero, "the Chicago platform says that the war is a failure. Now if that is so, then I lost that leg foolishly. But I don't believe I lost it foolishly. So I am going to vote for Abraham Lincoln and the prosecution of the war" (applause). Now, said Mr. Tilton, I am going to vote with that soldier (great applause). And, voting with him, and with the great party that flies the banner of Abraham Lincoln, I believe that the victory which God means to give us on the 8th of November will mean "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable" (great applause).

SPEECH OF MR. PHILLIPS.

From The Liberator.

UNDER great pressure for lack of space, we devote more than one-third of our present number to a speech delivered by our friend Wendell Phillips at the Tremont Temple, on Thursday evening, 20th inst. We print it not only in accordance with our usual habit in his particular case, but all the more readily because, as he has kept silent for more than four months on the great issues of the times, there is naturally a desire widely felt to know his present views and feelings, especially pertaining to the approaching transcendently important Presidential election; and because, as our readers fully understand, we feel compelled strongly to dissent from many of his statements, and deem much of his criticism of Mr. Lincoln to be not only exceedingly ill-timed, but severely unjust. We give the speech as carefully prepared by himself, and considerably extended since delivered, from his own manuscript. Of course, we have not any space, if we had the disposition, to go into a critical review of it; but we cannot allow it to pass without expressing our regret to perceive what seems to us a set purpose—*prima facie*—to represent Mr. Lincoln in the worst possible light, to attribute to him the worst possible motives, to hold him up as an imbecile and a despot, and to damage his chance of reëlection to the utmost extent, as one who is only a selfish political trickster, seeking his own personal ends, who deserves impeachment for what he has done, and who will prove recreant to his heaven-attested pledges to the cause of the millions whom he has by proclamation set free from their fetters, at the earliest convenient opportunity! And this in face of the fact, that the entire slaveholding South is in hot rebellion, and the immense Copperhead forces at the North in organized conspiracy, to overturn the government as administered by Abraham Lincoln, for the sole alleged reason that he is the political representative of Northern anti-slavery sentiment, inflexibly bent upon the abolition of slavery, and incurably diseased with "nigger on the brain"! And this, too, in disregard of the various death dealing blows given to the slave system, and of the emancipation and advancement of a mighty negro host, by Mr. Lincoln and under his Administration! Now, when a man occupies a position and avows sentiments, on the slavery question, which concentrates upon himself the murderous hatred and the treasonable hostility of every negro-contemner and every advocate of the chattel principle in the land, and when the most tremendous consequences are wrapped up in the struggle for his reëlection to the Presidency, concerning freedom and free institutions, it seems to us that to join in an outcry against him is not the part of wisdom or statesmanship. The indictment of Mr. Lincoln, by Mr. Phillips, is a most sweeping one. In the case of the arrest and rendition of the Cuban piratical slave-trader Arguelles, Mr. Phillips not only accuses Mr. Lincoln of "stealthily kidnapping" him, but asserts that "no tittle of evidence against him was offered our government." Strange and inexplicable, then, is it that, being pro-slavery in spirit and purpose as Mr. Lincoln is alleged to be, he should have been in such hot haste to seize a notorious and most perfidious dealer in human flesh! Mr. Phillips accuses the President of many other "acts of pure despotism"—of being "an ingrained Tory"—of cherishing "contempt for the negro"—of withholding, to this hour, the just wages due the colored soldiers—of "stuffing the ballot-boxes with soldiers' ballots in order to manufacture a sham State" in Louisiana—of bullying Massachusetts and the Republican party by saying, "Submit, or risk dividing the Republican party if you dare!"—etc., etc. Look at an arraignment of Mr. Lincoln from another quarter. That learned Copperhead prosecutor, A. Oakey Hall, of New York city, made a speech at New Haven on the same evening in which Mr. Phillips spoke, in which, among the crimes and misdemeanors he laid to Mr. Lincoln's charge, were "treason, homicide, arson, kidnapping, robbery, perjury, blasphemy, profanity, obscenity, bribery, embezzlement, forgery, mayhem, and thimble-rigging"! Surely, here is too close an agreement in the substance of the indictment, between persons whose objects and ends are so diametrically opposite, to be particularly desirable at this juncture!

How the loyal and liberty-loving people of the country regard Mr. Lincoln's trustworthiness for the next four years, in spite of every effort to disgrace him, the coming election will emphatically show.

There never was a more abortive or a more ludicrous gathering held, politically speaking, in our judgment, than the Cleveland Convention. Yet our friend Mr. Phillips invests it with astonishing powers, and attributes to it the most magnificent results!—The relation of Tenterden steeple to the Goodwin sands!

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Twenty-seventh Annual Meeting of the PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in HORTICULTURAL HALL, WEST CHESTER, November 11th.

In order to economize the time, it is proposed to hold one session, mainly for business, from 10, a. m., till 4, p. m., and an evening session for able speakers to present their views of the present aspect of the cause.

A full attendance of members of the Society, and of all interested in the great cause of Emancipation, was never more desirable or important than now.

The "military necessity" powers thus far exercised by President Lincoln, combined with ballot-box and cartridge-box, have not yet wholly abolished slavery. It is no time, therefore, for believers in the more potent power of spiritual weapons to relax their energies.

Passengers from Philadelphia may take the cars at Thirty-first and Market streets at 8.15 and 11 a. m., and return from West Chester at 4.30 p. m., or early the next morning. JAMES MOTT, Pres.

BENJAMIN C. BACON, Cor. Sec.

THE EDITOR of the STANDARD, after a much-needed and pleasant vacation of five weeks, is once more at his post. To the friend who, as "a labor of love," has taken such excellent care of the paper in his absence, he returns his heartfelt thanks.

NEXT TUESDAY!

WE spoke last week of the symptoms of the moral corruption worked by slavery in all, far and near, that the accursed thing has touched, exhibited in the bloody conspiracy, having its seat in the West, but ramified all over the country, and having for its object the promotion of the ends of the rebellion by treason, robbery and murder. Since then a fresh proof of the corrupting influences of slavery has been brought to light in the plot to carry the election in this State, and perhaps in others, by means of forged votes substituted for real ones, and the votes of dead soldiers, which were stopped in Baltimore, by the dry-goods-boxfull. This is an evidence at once of the desperation and villany of the McClellan leaders, who are resolved to stop at nothing that may give Jefferson Davis, in the person of his creature, the government of this nation. Then there is the army of secessionists quartered in this city which is to be marshalled against us, unless the measures taken by Gen. Dix may be sufficient to hold them in awe. And the other army of observation which hangs upon our Canadian frontier is also ready to march over the line and coöperate with the "noble friends" of Gov. Seymour and of Jefferson Davis, in their endeavors to set the minority above the majority. We trust that these designs have been discovered in time to make their discomfiture sure. But what a commentary are these proved facts upon the charges brought against the Administration of arbitrary arrests and tyrannical abuse of authority! Seventy-five thousand secessionists in this city, traitors by the ten thousand leaguing together for the overthrow of the government by force and by fraud, thousands more just across a river or an imaginary line in active correspondence with rebels on this side, and not a dozen arrests yet made! A good ground, one would rather think, for charging the government with insane lenity and criminal neglect of the first duty of self-defence, rather than with overdoing it. At the first glance, it would seem to us outside of public affairs like a proof of weakness; we trust that to those inside of them it may be a proof of strength. Never, certainly, since the world was, did a nation deal so leniently with the traitors within its bosom, leagued against its life.

This deep-seated fanaticism for slavery, which inspires so large a minority in the Northern States, is one of the most inexplicable phenomena of history. The motives of a certain limited class who have a personal interest in the change of government, from their hopes of promotion or profit, are comprehensible enough. But the greater proportion of these persons are either above or beneath such hopes. They expect nothing for themselves, and desire the success of the enemy on abstract principles or from malignant feelings towards certain public men. But they are none the less the pliant and unscrupulous tools of the enemy. They live in an atmosphere of lies. They deny the charges which are proved against their confederates and charge the Administration with the very crimes which they have just brought home to those criminals. The existence of this numerous though anomalous class in the community makes this impending election of the more vital importance. Should McClellan succeed, this kind of men would form the body of his state, and the best part of it. They would receive their orders implicitly from the crafty and cruel men who have manœuvered his election, and abject surrender to Davis or recognition of his sovereignty would be the inevitable consequence. Indeed the first of these is the professed object of the Democratic party, and the last will be the almost necessary consequence of its success. A desperate and unscrupulous minority is of all possible governments the most to be dreaded. Their devices of intimidation and fraud at the polls having been discovered, and, as we hope, guarded against, we may hope for their defeat and rout and utter discomfiture and dispersion. That this will be done, if a fair vote be had, these very plots confess in the face of the world. Such risks would not be run without an answering necessity. The honor, the prosperity, the very existence of the nation depends on the defeat of McClellan. His success is the triumph of Davis and the success of the rebellion. The lines are now drawn and the issue is fairly joined. Slavery at the head of the nation, if the one prevail, and Freedom if the other. For the election of Lincoln cannot be regarded as anything less than the endorsement of his proclamation of Emancipation. If he be elected, he could not make peace with the rebels on any other basis, even if he desired it—which nothing in his own words or actions has given any just occasion to suspect. Nothing but a *coup d'état* can restore the Union of the rebel and loyal States, with slavery. That *coup d'état* Abraham Lincoln cannot make; but Geo. B. McClellan will be elected for the express purpose of making it. His election would be the consent of the nation to it.

A Lincoln victory at the polls next week is essential to the life of the nation. All men who have had, or who may still have, objections of various kinds to the present Administration have come to this conclusion. Gens. Fremont and Cochrane, Dr. Orestes A. Brownson, and many others of the strongest convictions as to Mr. Lincoln's unfitness for his office, on various grounds, admit that there is now no alternative for deliverance other than his election. And they may all take this consolation to their souls, that his success must be that of Union and Emancipation. But in order that this result may be speedy as well as sure, his election should be by an overwhelming vote. The voice of the people must be uttered in so loud and emphatic a tone that it shall strike terror into the hearts of all their enemies and make them feel that there is no longer any hope for them, except in submission. And voters should remember that the importance of the election of members of Congress is not less vital than that of the President himself. Two-thirds must be secured in order to command the alteration of the Constitution which shall make slavery impossible forever within the domain it governs. And, if the majority for the nation be as great as it ought to be, and may be, it is by no means impossible that this work may be done the very next Winter. Enough of the Democrats, who prevented its passage last session, may change their minds in view of what is ordained to come to pass, sufficiently to permit the question to come before the people next Spring. In a year from that time, it will certainly do so, if loyal men do their duty next week, and the result will be in no wise dubious. Then anti-slavery will indeed "die out," with a glorious euthanasy, having fought the good fight and finished its course with joy. We submit that we do not diverge from the exact line of duty as an anti-slavery journal and organ in urging a cordial support of Mr. Lincoln and of the members of Congress identified with him and his policy, next Tuesday. We have never been his partisan. We have criticized his delays and shortcomings, especially as to the negroes, as thoroughly and severely as we thought each case demanded. And we have never spared the members of his Cabinet who seemed to seek Copperhead favor by treating his policy with contempt. It is only because it seems to us that the abolition of slavery, soon and effectual, depends upon his success that we urge all voting anti-slavery men to make his election sure. With his election, and a two-thirds vote in the House, the function of urging upon him and them the duty of dispatching slavery with all speed will reattach. We shall not be slack in its performance. But the instruments to work with and to work upon must be first supplied. And those we expect will be abundantly furnished to us next Tuesday.

MARYLAND FREE!

ON Tuesday last, Nov. 1st, the chains fell from the limbs of all the slaves in Maryland, and the State became free from the crime and curse of human bondage! This glorious result was brought about by the ratification on the part of the people of the Constitution lately framed by a Convention held for that purpose.

The official vote on the adoption of the new Constitution was as follows:

Counties.	*For the Constitution.*	*Against it.*
Allegany County	1,839	964
Anne Arundel County	281	1,360
Baltimore City	9,779	2,053
Baltimore County	2,001	1,869
Carroll County	1,587	1,690
Caroline County	471	423
Calvert County	57	634
Cecil County	1,611	1,611
Charles County	13	978
Dorchester County	449	1,486
Frederick County	2,908	1,916
Harford County	1,083	1,671
Howard County	462	583
Kent County	289	1,246
Montgomery County	422	1,367
Prince George's County	149	1,293
Queen Anne's County	220	1,577
Somerset County	464	2 066
St. Mary's County	99	1,078
Talbot County	430	1,020
Washington County	2,441	985
Worcester County	486	1,666
Total	27,541	29,536
Soldiers' Vote	2,633	163
Total	30,174	29,699

Majority for Freedom, 475.

The Unconditional Union State Committee of Maryland, in an address upon the adoption of the new Constitution, say:

"The smallness of the majority for the Constitution is due to two causes: too great confidence on the part of the friends of the Constitution, and the desperate rally of its enemies. The provisions of the schedule were disregarded; opinions of eminent lawyers sent far and wide to attack its legality, and thousands of men, whose hearts were rank with treason, who had committed acts of disloyalty, deliberately perjured themselves under the advice of a distinguished advocate."

Reverdy Johnson, after voting in the U. S. Senate in favor of the proposition to amend the U. S. Constitution so as to prohibit slavery, came out for McClellan and Pendleton, and, as the next step, naturally did his worst to defeat the new Constitution of Maryland. He advised the traitors and their sympathizers in the State, that the oath by which they were required to purge themselves of treason before approaching the ballot-boxes was unconstitutional, and that they might therefore honorably take it, though in so doing they should swear falsely. His advice was extensively followed, as the heavy vote against the Constitution in the pro-rebel Counties sufficiently attests.

When it was found that a small majority of the home vote had been cast against the Constitution, the friends of slavery attempted to procure the rejection of the votes cast by the soldiers on the pretence that they were illegal. They applied first to the Superior Court for an injunction to prohibit the Governor from receiving those votes, and when the application was denied, they went to the Court of Appeals, but were beaten in that tribunal also. Gov. Bradford thereupon issued his proclamation, declaring that the Constitution would go into effect on the 1st inst. In Baltimore the day was observed as a Jubilee. A grand salute of five hundred guns was fired at daybreak, and the church bells rang out a joyful peal. Flags were displayed from the public buildings and many private dwellings. At noon the salute was repeated from Forts Federal Hill and Marshall. Christ Church bells joined in with a merry peal, performing at intervals various patriotic airs, including Hail Columbia, Flag of the Free, Star Spangled Banner, etc.

The rebel sympathizers will make a desperate effort to reverse, so far as possible, the verdict of the State in the recent struggle, by carrying the electoral votes for McClellan; but the friends of freedom are wide awake now, and we are sure the slavemongers will be defeated. The Unconditional Union State Committee, in the address before referred to, say:

"Having completed the enfranchisement of the State, let us now inaugurate the government under it in the hands of its friends, and cast the electoral vote of Maryland for Lincoln and Johnson with those States, the great mass of whose loyal men stand ready, at any cost and sacrifice, to fight this war to the end without amnesty, without compromise—to beat down the weapons of rebellion, and plant the flag of our fathers on a restored Union and a land freed from slavery.

"The election of Mr. Lincoln means all this. The election of McClellan means the rule of the cowards and traitors who would deceive the people by a military candidate, while nearly the whole body of his supporters are the enemies of the war, and the advocates of a disgraceful and disunion peace.

"Thanks to the true men who, in your new Constitution, disfranchised traitors, you will have an easier task in November. The Constitution is adopted: the exclusion of traitors is law beyond even the quibble of lawyers; the taking of the oath now is perjury by all confession, and we must and will see to it that traitors are excluded from the polls, and that the penitentiary shall receive the perjurers. The Constitution makes it the duty of the Judges of Election "carefully to exclude" all who have aided the rebels—all who have expressed their desire for the success of the rebel arms. The Judges must be satisfied of his loyalty before he has a right to vote, and we urge on every loyal man to see that these disfranchised persons are challenged and excluded.

"Fellow-citizens, the adoption of this Constitution leaves much to be done. Its principles and purposes must be carried into full effect. The next General Assembly is charged with that work. See to it, fellow-citizens, that none but men earnestly in favor of the principles of the Constitution are sent to put in force its provisions. Send no doubtful men, no laggards in the work of Emancipation, no men who are afraid to incur the ill-will of the enemies of the country, no men who wish to inaugurate a reactionary movement on the very heels of your victory. Let no law of apprenticeship, no law to impede the efforts of freedom stain your now Free State. Let the work go on until the last vestige of slavery and its laws are swept from the Statute Book, as they have been from the Constitution. To effect this you must know the men you send, and you must roll up such majorities on your State and National tickets as to carry along by the impetus of that influence a clear majority of the General Assembly."

GEORGE THOMPSON'S ADDRESS, lately delivered in the Hall of the House of Representatives at Montpelier, Vt., phonographically reported and revised in part by Mr. Thompson, has been published in pamphlet form. The *Green Mountain Freeman* says that the first edition was all ordered in advance, but that another edition will be printed if called for.

Mr. Thompson, by invitation of the Governor of the State and other eminent citizens, was to speak in Concord, N. H., on Wednesday evening last, to congratulate the people of that place upon the change wrought in public opinion there since 1835, when he was compelled to pass a portion of one night in the woods to escape the fury of a pro-slavery mob.

THE STATE OF NEVADA.—The people of Nevada having adopted the Constitution lately framed under the enabling act of Congress, the President has issued his proclamation declaring that the new State is admitted to the Union. The State will have three votes in the Electoral College, sending to Congress two Senators and one Representative—all Republicans.

LETTER FROM MRS. CHILD.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE advertisement of a Fair for Widows and Orphans of Colored Soldiers drew me to the city a fortnight ago. I found a U. S. Flag suspended across Summer Street, bearing the inscription, "Colored Soldiers' Fair." It was a sign of the times well calculated to excite a crowd of recollections and emotions in the mind and heart of an old Abolitionist. I pointed it out to Friend Whittier, whom I chanced to meet. He paused before it a moment, in thoughtful silence, and said, "What a wonderful change! When I compare the state of things now with what it was twenty years ago, I can hardly believe that I am the same man."

The Fair was held in Mercantile Hall, and the colored ladies who presided over it had decorated it very tastefully with Stars and Stripes. They love the glorious old banner *now*. At the head of the Hall was a full length portrait of Col. Shaw, painted by Bannister; and above it, in large embroidered letters, was the touching and appropriate motto, "*Our* Martyr." At the opposite end of the Hall, was a medallion likeness of Mr. Bates, the lately deceased octo-millionaire, which I suppose belonged to the Mercantile Association that own the Hall. I had often been curious to know how his mind had been affected by the momentous struggle going on in his native country, and I took the opportunity to inquire of one of his relatives, who was present. She replied, "He fully understood the significance of the conflict, and his sympathies were entirely on the side of Freedom. His great social influence in England was constantly exerted in favor of the North. When he received the tragic news from Fort Wagner, he expressed to a relative of Col. Shaw's his great admiration of the self-sacrifice and heroism of that noble young man. The person whom he addressed, looking at the subject from a less elevated point of view, coldly replied, 'I never approved of his taking command of that regiment.' 'Let me tell you,' rejoined Mr. Bates, 'the name of that young hero will be bright in the memories of men long after you and I are forgotten.'"

At this Fair I exchanged greetings with many whom I had long loved and honored for their courage and steadfastness in the Anti-Slavery cause. Among them was Senator Wilson, whom I found hopeful concerning the signs of the times. To the many claims he has on the gratitude of the country he has recently added another by the publication of his book entitled, "History of the Anti-Slavery Measures." The action of Congress on the subject of Slavery, from 1861 to '64, is here presented to the reader in a clear, concise, and interesting form. The pithiest and most eloquent portions of the successive debates are preserved, and tedious details are avoided. We are prone to complain that so little has been accomplished for Freedom under the present Administration; but no candid person can read this book without acknowledging that immense progress has been made. The volume is valuable as a convenient historical record, while it is honorable to our country, and heart-cheering to the friends of universal liberty.

These moral encounters in Congress are to me as exciting as battles, without any of the painful drawbacks attendant upon military achievements. Every inch of the ground has been obstinately contested by the upholders of Slavery, and bravely and perseveringly defended by the believers in Freedom. The champions of liberty took every fortress they attacked, except one. Their victories were numerous and signal, and their only defeat was in their effort to amend the Constitution of the United States so as to exclude slavery from this Republic forever.

It is amusing to see how Pro-slavery writhed, and wriggled, and twisted under these scorching discussions. But its unhappy friends had a perpetual safety-valve for their vexed feelings, in prognostications concerning amalgamation. Every proposed measure of justice and humanity produced in their minds the image of "a greasy negro wench." There seemed to be neither wit nor argument in the presentation of this image, nor is it easy to perceive what connection it had with the grave subjects under debate; but its frequent reiteration by slaveholders is excusable, on the ground that men naturally speak often of what habitually occupies their thoughts.

Mr. Wilson's record is a true and candid one; and being so, he could not possibly avoid showing how vigilant he himself was to guard the interests of Freedom at every turn. We owe him life-long gratitude for the able services he has rendered. For my own part, I am content with my humble share of glory in being a member of the Commonwealth, which has Gov. Andrew for its head, and Sumner and Wilson for Senators. This is *common* wealth, belonging to us all, and it is wealth enough to satisfy the proudest patriot.

The aristocracies of Europe will strive in vain to overthrow, or to undermine this Republic, so long as the ranks of our working-men send forth such representatives as Abraham Lincoln, Andy Johnson, and Henry Wilson. The speeches of Andy Johnson, portraying the slaveholding aristocracy, are capital hard hits. They remind one of the caustic eloquence of Marius concerning the haughty aristocracy of Rome. "They despise my mean *birth*," said he, "and I despise their mean *characters*."

I rejoice that mechanics are found worthy to be nominated for the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency. May there never be any other order of nobility among us than nobility of *character!*

I was very happy that day of the Fair; for I had that morning heard the good news from Maryland, and it took ten years off from my age at once. If I had acted out my impulses, I would have swung my bonnet, and given three hurrahs; but it is not proper for women to obey their impulses, you know. I hope some time or other to get to a world where spontaneity is not always improper. That must be the reason why they never grow old in the other world.

To think of Maryland's being a Free State! "*My* Maryland," as Jeff. Davis coaxingly called her, at the beginning of the war! Oh, it is *too* good. I must needs hurrah here all alone by myself. I have always noticed that Maryland had somewhat of superiority above the other Slave States. Her public men have been more manly and candid. God bless our redeemed sister!

Yours, full of hopefulness for the future of our beloved country, L. M. CHILD.

GIGANTIC FRAUDS.—The Copperhead agents appointed by Gov. Seymour to collect the votes of the soldiers of this State for Presidential Electors, Members of Congress and State officers, in the election to be held next week, have been detected in a gigantic scheme of fraud, by which they hoped to carry the State for their party. Their plan was, by means of forged papers, to poll an immense number of fraudulent votes, purporting to come from soldiers. The plot, however, has been discovered, and two of the agents have been tried by a military commission, found guilty, and sent to the penitentiary for life. The Secretary of War has approved the sentence, and it will unquestionably be carried out. It seems not to have occurred to the scoundrels that they would be amenable to *military* law. They thought the only law under which they could be tried was the Election law of the State of New York, and that, by committing their frauds beyond the jurisdiction of the State (in Washington, Baltimore, etc.), they would escape punishment even if discovered, while there would be no possibility, the fraudulent votes once received and counted, of undoing their diabolical work.

The exposure of this gigantic swindle, and the arrest of some of the guilty agents, created no little consternation among the Democrats of this State, and Gov. Seymour at once sent three Commissioners of his own party to Washington to see what could be done to counteract its effects.

The Commissioners were courteously received by the President and Secretary of War, and every facility afforded them to investigate the subject. Col. North, the principal agent of the Governor, is implicated in the fraud, and in the old Capitol prison awaiting trial. The Commissioners made an earnest appeal to have his trial postponed till after the election, on the ground that an earlier trial would greatly damage Mr. Lincoln's chances in this State; but their anxiety for the safety of the Union ticket did not have the desired effect.

How many fraudulent votes the conspirators will be able to get into the ballot-boxes on election day it is impossible to say. They have been sent into the State in large numbers, and if the rogues can succeed in registering a corresponding number of fictitious names, they will doubtless be offered on election day in places where there is no fear of detection. It is believed that thousands of fictitious names have been placed on the registry lists in this city, and that it was, if it is not now, the intention of the Democratic leaders to cover each one of them by a fraudulent soldier's vote. The timely discovery of the plot will probably limit if it does not wholly defeat the swindle.

THE FREEDMEN AT ALEXANDRIA, ETC.

LEICESTER, Mass., Oct. 30, 1864.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

HAVING recently visited Alexandria, and had a favorable opportunity to see some of the newly-freed people there, and to obtain reliable information as to their condition and prospects, I consider it a duty to make some report thereof to your readers, and others who may be interested in this subject of so great and growing importance. I did not undertake to obtain exact statistics, nor did the time allow me to make comparison of the results obtained at Alexandria, with those found at other places. My design is chiefly to report what I saw and learned, in the diligent use of the time which we were able to spend in Alexandria.

We were fortunate in having as our guide Mrs. HARRIET JACOBS, in whom the freed people have found a most intelligent, judicious and invaluable friend. Herself once a slave, and having passed through a long series of some of the most fearful experiences to which the slave-life of America has subjected its millions of victims, she has been inspired with the desire and purpose to devote herself to the relief and instruction of those whose past lives she understands so well, whose feelings she can so well sympathize with, and whom she ardently longs to rescue from the perils and temptations of their new life, and to lead into all useful and needful knowledge. Very admirably qualified is she, by temperament and disposition, by character and attainments, to minister to the necessities of the aged, counsel those in middle life, and influence and guide the young, among this large population so lately in slavery—to whom freedom has come so strangely, to most so wholly unlooked for, as the marvel and miracle of their humble, but not forgotten, lives. For the cup of their sorrow and their wrongs was full, even to overflowing; it could be suffered no longer; "for the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, NOW WILL I ARISE, SAITH THE LORD; I will set him in safety, from him that puffeth at him." They who have read that "ower true tale," LINDA, know very well who Mrs. Jacobs is. If any know *not* why the American people have risen in great might and doomed slavery to destruction, and are disposed to learn, they will find "the reason why" in LINDA.

It is now fully two years since Mrs. Jacobs first went to Alexandria, to see for herself the condition of the so-called "contrabands," who were making that city a refuge from Virginia slavery. With the exception of a short period, mostly occupied in gathering together the means of returning to them with effective aid, she has been ever since a resident among them, their daily adviser, monitor and friend. The "Friends," of New York City, whose special agent and almoner she is, are (we think) to be congratulated upon having so competent and efficient an agent; and the freed-people may well be thankful for the friend so providentially sent to them. Among the agents and officers of the government, both military and civil, she has found some truly sympathizing and helpful friends and supporters, without whom she could scarce have maintained her ground, in her new and difficult circumstances. Of these she always speaks with respect and gratitude, and, in the improvement, industry, growing prosperity and self-respect of the freed-people, is very willing to forget the obloquy and sneers, the neglect and misrepresentation, so freely visited by the unbelieving and pro-slavery multitude upon her earlier labors. The sickness and mortality which bore so heavily upon the poor victims of slavery, in their first great destitution and exposure, have now mostly passed away, and her first painful work has gradually become of a far more cheerful and agreeable character.

We were especially gratified to learn that only a few of the freed-people in Alexandria remain dependent on the government for rations and shelter. The great body of them are self-supporting, and at present have no difficulty in finding employment, usually from the government. In the northerly portion of the city, on some low lands between Washington street and the Potomac river, the larger part of them are congregated. Here they have quite a village which, partly in honor of Gen. Grant, they have called *Grantville*. It is composed of small and humble dwellings, yet *their own*, very many (I believe the most) of them *built and paid for* out of the proceeds of their own labor. We entered many of these humble abodes, being always received with civility and propriety, and finding neatness, and an ambition to make the best appearance possible with their few possessions, the prevailing rule. I remember none which had not more than one room; the additional one being sometimes on the same floor, sometimes in a second story. Most of them have a picture or two—usually of the President, or some prominent General. They evidently regard the army, spite of many a grievous experience, as their deliverers. We saw their minister—a young colored man—Rev. G. W. Parker. He told us they had regularly organized a church in January last, and that a good degree of religious interest prevailed. We were not surprised at this, as it is so generally characteristic of their race. Mrs. Jacobs told us that she had not seen four intoxicated colored men during her entire two years in Alexandria, and many thousands have come under her observation. The government prohibition of the sale of liquors in and around Alexandria is quite strictly enforced, but there appears little desire for poisonous and degrading drinks among the freed-people.

Not content with building houses for themselves, the colored people of Alexandria have built a school-house for their children, which for the present they also use as a place for religious meetings. Upon this school-house they have already expended seven hundred dollars, saved from their earnings; and these people, be it remembered, were (with one or two exceptions) slaves till lately. Mrs. Jacobs, from donations of friends, has furnished three hundred dollars more. It has been lately enlarged, and is now a building of sixty feet by twenty-eight feet, well lathed and plastered, an institution in which these humble parents take a very lively interest. They evidently realize that the superior knowledge and information of the master-class was one of the strongest means of holding their slaves in bondage; they understand that their ignorance was their weakness, and they rejoice in the hope that their children are to be lifted out of it. In this school-house Mrs. J. takes a very special satisfaction, and she will watch the teaching and the order of it with as much intelligence as interest. Her field is an extremely important one, and we hope she may be fully sustained in it.

In another part of the city is another colony of freed-people, to which we were able to pay but a brief visit, called the "Freedmen's Home." Here, in some buildings once used for government barracks, reside a numerous population, of all ages; a good proportion of them industrious and self-supporting. One large apartment was called the "Old Women's Home"—a neatly furnished and kept apartment, where a considerable number of aged women seemed comfortable and happy. One, whose extreme age keeps her mostly in bed, is said to be *one hundred and ten years* of age. Her mind is still clear, and she talked of the power of God, which had shown itself so much greater than that of man in these latter years. Full of gratitude and praise for their changed lot they are.

We also visited the very extensive Hospital for the Colored Troops and people of Alexandria, the Third General U. S. Hospital, also called the L'Ouverture Hospital. It is a model of order and neatness. The assistant-surgeon (colored) who kindly accompanied us through the numerous wards, cooking departments, etc., informed us that a vote for President had been recently taken in the hospital, and every vote was for Lincoln, not one for McClellan. To my comment upon this unanimity, he replied—"If it depended upon the colored people, Mr. Lincoln would be the next President beyond a doubt." No space remains to describe the admirable institution called the *Soldiers' Rest*—spacious, beautiful in its well-kept grassy banks and gravel walks, well-stored with all things needful for the going and coming soldiers, and open to colored regiments as well as white ones. S. M., JR.

COL. HIGGINSON.—We learn from the Massachusetts *Spy* that T. W. Higginson, senior Colonel of colored troops in our army, has been honorably discharged for physical disability, originating in a wound received a year ago. He has taken up his residence in Newport, R. I., and will resume his connection with the *Atlantic Monthly*. By his discharge, says the *Spy*, the govern-

ment loses the service of a brave, earnest and accomplished officer, and the colored soldiers the care of a wise and faithful friend. There are many, however, who will welcome his return to the literary field, where he has already won brilliant laurels, and has, we trust, many others yet to win.

Our Boston Correspondence.

Boston, October 31st, 1864.

Gen. Banks is now having an ovation in Boston, receiving complimentary entertainments of various sorts, and making responsive addresses in public and private. A Faneuil Hall meeting in his honor was a matter of course, and your correspondent made it a point to be present there last Saturday evening, thinking it desirable to know not only what he would say, but which of his manifestations his particular friends would specially applaud.

The meeting was a crowded and enthusiastic one, and many of the large number of ladies present joined heartily in the frequent applause given to the speaker.

Gen. Banks expressed absolute confidence in the entire success of the Federal armies, and declared the mass of the people in Louisiana to be as firmly loyal as those of Massachusetts. There were, however, other interests even paramount to the victories of our army and navy. Without intelligence and patriotism among the people, those victories would secure no permanent advantage for us. The reëlection of Abraham Lincoln was as essential as the success of our soldiers and sailors. Nay, it was indispensable to insure that success; for, with what heart could the armies fight, if they expected the incoming Administration to nullify, by compromise or surrender, the advantages they had gained? He, however, declared his entire assurance that both points would be gained; that our successes against the enemy would continue, and that Mr. Lincoln would be chosen President for another term.

Gen. Banks then gave elaborate consideration to the charge of despotic conduct so often urged against Mr. Lincoln. The public enemy being scattered through the North as well as the South, and existing in Boston and New York as really as in Richomd—and the necessity of defeating both being absolute—there must needs be energetic and decisive measures to cope with them. In the cases of Northern men referred to under this charge, arrest is not a punishment, not an injustice, not a measure of unwise or needless precaution; it is merely restraint from the opportunity of doing a great public wrong. The measures thus referred to have been as essential in the North as the various movements of our armies in the South. The object of our Administration is the preservation and perpetuation of the Union; and it has determined, as a means to this end, that all institutions inconsistent with our government shall be removed. Slavery has shown itself thus adverse to the interests and prosperity of the country; and for this reason (not for other reasons) it had been decided that slavery must be removed.

Gen. Banks then proceeded to defend the action of the Constitutional Convention in Louisiana. It had declared that slavery was abolished and should never be restored; that education should be given to black as well as white children; that able-bodied men of color should be enlisted in the army; and that they should have the right of suffrage *when qualified to exercise it.*

Without giving any intimation of *what* qualifications for suffrage would be required in the case of black men—or *who* would be the final judge of their competency—or whether higher qualifications would be required of them than of white men—or what number of years is contemplated as the term of probation for the most capable and intelligent of them—passing by these points, I say, as unimportant or inconvenient, Gen. Banks proceeded to explain why the Louisiana Convention had gone to the extent above specified in the direction of justice to the colored people. Since the wealth and power of the State had gone into rebellion, only the middling interest and the lowest classes were left to be used in the work of reconstruction. The last named of these were aspiring toward liberty, and, being numerous enough to affect materially, for good or evil, the future condition of the State, it was essential to call this element into play, to counterbalance the force of the rebels.

The speaker again asserted that the people of this country have determined, as a matter of safety (not for other considerations), that slavery should no longer exist. No power, he was confident, could now reëstablish it. The audience manifested great satisfaction at this announcement; but he did not tell them under what special code, intermediate between the obsolete slave code and the ordinary provisions of civil law, the colored people of Louisiana are now held, and intended to be held. Perhaps he considered this immaterial, perhaps undesirable.

The last topic of Gen. Banks's discourse was the immense importance of a speedy restoration of the Union in view of our relation to foreign powers. Nothing less than this will convince the governments of Europe that upon this continent our flag is paramount and theirs subordinate. The relation of France to us is at present a critical one. Louis Napoleon has naturally and appropriately (so Gen. Banks seemed to think) taken advantage of our time of weakness and preoccupation to extend his power over Mexico If he shall now find our old boundaries preserved, and our strength and courage sufficient for self-protection, that judicious potentate will avoid a contest with us and withdraw from Mexico.

There remained, the speaker said, another little consideration—the government of Great Britain. If we wish to clear the seas of British pirates, we must establish and make manifest the power of our government over our own country. Nothing more would be necessary. As soon as the rebellion is crushed, our flag will float on every sea the uncontested equal of that of any other power.

In conclusion, he said, the most important thing for us to remember was, that the way to get peace is to be prepared for war. If we want a short war, we must prepare for a long one. Only do this, and our present rebellion will soon come to an end, and will leave no successor.

The opinion of Republicans here is divided in regard to Gen. Banks. But his party is a large one, and the meeting above referred to was harmonious and successful.

The righteous souls of the Copperhead class, with us as with you, are painfully exercised in regard to the prevalence of political preaching; both the presentation of political duties on Sundays in the pulpit, and the active part taken by clergymen in political meetings on other days. The reverend gentlemen, however, emulate their revolutionary sires in zealous labors, daily and nightly, that the nation and its government may be sustained in the present contest. They preach on Sundays, speak in the Ward meetings, and bear a vigorous testimony everywhere, in public and private, respecting the dangers and duties of the present time. Your *Journal of Commerce*, always severely *proper* as well as pious, is shocked at the denunciation of "sneaks" in Henry Ward Beecher's Sunday evening lectures. Our *Courier* is equally dissatisfied with the excellent series of lectures on political duties now given on Sunday evenings by James Freeman Clarke in the Indiana Place Chapel. And the *Post* is devoutly solicitous that preachers should preach nothing but Christ and Him crucified. This is the more edifying as the paper last mentioned does not trouble itself much about the Gospel in ordinary times. Just now, to be sure, it has abundant cause for serious reflection and foreboding; if the nation's welfare goes up, *it* must go down; and even the profane joker must make a sorry appearance when he comes to the anxious seat.

The Rev. Mr. Calthrop, at present preaching for the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society of Boston, and eminently zealous in urging upon them a maintenance of the Administration in the present crisis, thought it needful yesterday to controvert the ideas set forth in Wendell Phillips's late lecture, of which my last letter made mention. Holding Mr. Phillips in high veneration as a thinker upon other subjects, and as a reformer in the department of morals, he esteems him incompetent, and unjustifiably reckless, in political matters. He assumes that Mr. Phillips fails to understand the character of a cautious man like Abraham Lincoln; and he took especial pains to controvert the position that, if the government had been energetic enough in the right direction, "the war might have been ended in a twelve-month from its beginning." Mr. Calthrop made reference, in the course of this critique, to the positions, relatively to the South, of Daniel Webster and of Theodore Parker as well as of Mr. Phillips, and showed himself, in the judgment of your correspondent, insufficiently informed in regard to all three. He closed, however, by admitting that, in the next four years, we must greatly raise the standard, alike of the President and the people, in regard to their duties to the colored race in this country.

As the critical election period draws near, meetings of various sorts relating to the country's need are multiplied. This evening three such are to be held in the city, in addition to the various Ward meetings. Gen. Banks will address the Young Men's Christian Association (so called) in the Tremont Temple, on the "Condition of the Negro population as connected with the Restoration of Government in rebel States." Hon. William Whiting, Solicitor of the War Department, will speak in the Music Hall, on "The Political, Financial, and Military aspects of the Country." And an Exhibition will be given in the Melodeon, by ladies of the "Parker Fraternity," in aid of the "National Sailors' Fair," to be held this week in this city, for the purpose of establishing a permanent Home for disabled Sailors and Marines of the naval Service. A week or two more of intense activity and solicitude, and then—we shall we shall see what we shall see. North.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE EVE OF ELECTION!

TO THOSE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND IT.

Must they battle in vain, oh! my brothers,
Who stand with the rifle in hand?
When the Wrong and the Right
Meet the issue to fight,
In the passionate strife,
When the current of life
Shall leap out from each vein, oh! my brothers,
Must they battle in vain, oh! my brothers,
Who fight in defence of their land?

And the thousands who sleep, oh! my brothers,
From the gulf to the lake and the sea;
Must the vigil they keep,
With their eyes sealed death-deep,
Be in vain for the flag
That from cliff and from crag
To a free breeze should leap, oh! my brothers,
Only freemen should keep, oh! my brothers,
In the land God made for the free?

And the hearthstones so still, oh! my brothers,
Once ringing with pleasure's sweet strain;
And the cot by the rill,
And the house on the hill,
Where a sorrowful cry
Reaches up to the sky,
And the mourner's white face, oh! my brothers,
Haunts the desolate place, oh! my brothers,
Are these all in vain, all in vain?

Be ye up and awake, oh! my brothers,
The moment of peril's at hand;
Match the bullets that speed
By the ballots that read,
In defence of the right
For the nation we fight,
Till our faith has been kept with our brothers,
And the curse has been swept from our brothers,
And Freemen inherit the land.

Are there eyelids that close, oh! my brothers,
Unheeding our peril or pain?
If such cravens there be
In the land for the free,
May God's vengeance downfall
Till on bent knee they call
On the nation that saves, oh! my brothers,
Though by hands that were slaves, oh! my brothers,
And then—may their call be in vain.

Through the blood of the dead, oh! my brothers,
The life of the Nation we save,
By the living who vote
Must the traitors be smote,
Till the Stripes and the Stars
That no slavery mars,
As they float o'er the land, oh! my brothers,
Shall protect all who stand, oh! my brothers,
Beneath it on land or on wave.

Harlem, N. Y., Nov. 1st, 1864. William E. Pabor.

POLITICAL.

Gov. Hahn, in his message to the Louisiana Legislature recently convened, refers to the approaching Presidential election in the following terms:

"The obliteration of an interest so extended as that of slavery necessarily makes great changes in the events, opinions and business of the people; and the highest possible wisdom is required to adapt the State to its new condition. The change from servile to compensated labor requires careful, liberal and humane legislation in order to secure the rights of those people who have not been accustomed to provide for and protect themselves. Inasmuch as Louisiana is the first State that makes this change upon an extended scale, so it ought to be the first to establish a form of government which shall meet all the exigencies of the case, securing to the public the products upon which the wealth of the State and people depend, and to laborers their full rights.

"According to law, the election of Presidential electors is to take place in November, I know of no reason why Louisiana should not participate in that election on a footing with the other States. She has forfeited her rights under no constitutional provision or congressional statute. She has instituted civil rule, and has a loyal State government, embracing executive, legislative and judicial branches, all of which are in effective operation. In the attributes of State government she stands the peer of the loyal States whose soil has never been trodden by the foot of the rebellion. That she has suffered by the rebellion and the temporary rule of the rebel confederacy, is her misfortune; but so far as the laws at present stand, it is no abridgment of the rights of her loyal citizens."

A Convention of War Democrats was held at the Cooper Institute on Tuesday. Delegates were present from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, California and Oregon. James Worrall of Pennsylvania was elected President. Speeches were made by the President and by Gen. Hiram Walbridge, Hon. J. R. Whiting, and others. A series of resolutions was adopted, of which the following are specimens;

Resolved, That, although in the commencement inexperience may have led to error and mistakes, we believe that the war is at the present time pressed with commendable energy and with remarkable success, and should deprecate any change in public affairs that might result in removing from the commands of the Army, Gens. Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, and from the Navy Farragut, Porter and Winslow.

Resolved, That while we admit occasional acts of weakness in the Administration, we accept the consequent duty of supporting and strengthening it without regard to the party affinities of the incumbent, and utterly repudiating the doctrine of secession, we favor the employment of the most vigorous measures for the restoration of the Union with its obligations unaltered and in its integrity unimpaired.

The Convention was followed in the evening by a mass meeting. The immense hall was filled to overflowing by an intelligent assembly, embracing many life-long Democrats. Hon. F. B. Cutting presided and made a brief address, and was followed by Judge Edward Pierrepont, Maj.-Gen. Dix, Gen. D. E. Sickles, and David S. Coddington. Gen. Dix read an address to the Democracy of the Union, which the meeting adopted, setting forth the principles of the War Democrats and denouncing the action of the Chicago Convention. Gen. Dix said the meeting had two objects: First, to detach as many Democrats as possible from the support of the Chicago Convention and its proceedings, because we believe those proceedings dishonor them; and secondly, to lay the foundation for the reorganization of the Democratic party under better auspices.

In a speech in the 20th Ward, Oct. 25th, Theodore Tilton irrefutably proved Mr. Pendleton to be an egregious liar. He said:

I have a word to say of Mr. Pendleton. Serenaded last night at the New York Hotel, and called out for a speech, he spoke these words—which I quote from the *World* of this morning:

"I have rarely found it necessary to reply to any personal attack. A friend has just handed me a pamphlet, which he tells me has extensive circulation both here and in the army. It professes to be a record of my speeches and votes in Congress, and to prove from them my hostility to the Republic. It professes to be published by the "Union Congressional Committee," and to be compiled from the *Congressional Globe*, to which it appeals for its entire accuracy. On the seventh page of that pamphlet I am charged with having voted against certain resolutions on the 7th July, 1864. Now, if any of you gentlemen will examine the *Globe*, or the file of any daily newspaper of your city, or will even tax his recollection, he will find that Congress adjourned on the 4th day of July, 1864 (great laughter). *From this specimen of fraud and forgery I leave you to judge of the credibility of the whole fabrication* (laughter and applause).

What are the fraudulent and forged resolutions? They are these—which I quote from the document to which he refers:

"July 7, 1864, he voted against the following:

"Whereas, The organized treason having its headquarters at Richmond exists in defiant violation of the national Constitution, and has no claim to be treated otherwise than as an outlaw; and whereas this Richmond combination of conspirators and traitors can have no rightful authority over the people of any portion of the national Union, and no warrant for assuming control of the political destiny of the people of any State or section of this Union, and no apology but that of conspiracy and treason for any assumption of authority whatever; Therefore,

"Resolved, That any proposition to negotiate with the rebel leaders at Richmond (sometimes called "the authorities at Richmond") for a restoration of loyalty and order in those portions of the Republic which have been disorganized by the rebellion is, in effect, a proposition to recognize the ringleaders of the rebellion as entitled to represent and bind the loyal citizens of the United States whom they oppress, and to give countenance and support to the pretensions of conspiracy and treason; and therefore every such proposition should be rejected without hesitation and delay."

Mr. Pendleton calls this extract a "specimen of fraud and forgery." From the "laughter and applause" elicited by his speech, perhaps he was speaking in jest. But what is the "fraud and forgery" of charging Mr. Pendleton with having voted against these resolutions?

I called at the office of the *World* this morning, and asking for a file, I turned to the Congressional report for January 7 (not July 7, as the accident of the printer had made it) and found *these self-same resolutions word for word, and Mr. Pendleton's vote recorded in the negative!*

What, then, is Mr. Pendleton's denial? You confront a man in the street, saying: "Sir, I heard you say yesterday that you stabbed your mother?" "It is a fraud and forgery," he replies, "I did it day *before* yesterday." That is Mr. Pendleton's position! (Applause.)

A Capital Illustration.—Theodore Tilton, in a speech delivered in the Cooper Institute on Saturday evening last, thus illustrated the position of the Democratic party:

"My friend, Mr. McLennan, the artist—don't confound him with McClellan (laughter)—showed me a drawing the other day representing the calamities of a traveller on a Jersey railroad, who thought, when entering Bergen Tunnel, he would have a good opportunity, in the darkness, to change his shirt (laughter). So, unlocking his carpet-bag, he plied busy hands in putting on the garment, but had just got it over his head, and fast tangled in his arms, when, to his dismay and the uproar of the passengers, the train emerged into broad daylight! (Great laughter.) Now, my friends, for my life I could not help thinking, while looking at that picture, that the Chicago Convention supposed the country was to pass through a long gloom, darker than a railroad tunnel, and their opportunity was a good one to present themselves to the people with a clean white bosom of peace; but when the country suddenly emerged into the bright sunshine of Sherman's victory, that party was discovered stripped to sudden nakedness, and it has not since been clothed or in its right mind" (great merriment, the house convulsed with laughter).

Rebel Hopes and Plans.—The following paragraphs from the Charleston (S. C.) *Mercury* will show what hopes the rebels are building upon the anticipated election of McClellan and Pendleton, and the armistice which would follow that event:

"President Davis, who has been opposed to making any concessions whatever to the enemy, has been finally prevailed upon to grant an armistice to the North provided it is solicited in a respectful manner. This proposed armistice, if granted, raises the blockade by land and sea, which will enable our people to lay in a large amount of supplies.

"The deserters from our service will then be glad to return in order to receive their pay and honorable discharge, which will give us an additional force of two hundred thousand veterans. Then if hostilities are resumed the South is sure of success. Therefore we lose nothing by granting this experiment to the Yankees, who have openly confessed that they are whipped by proclaiming the war on their part a failure."

Special Notice.—The Office of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society has been removed to the Stationery Store of T. E. Chapman, No. 5 South-Fifth street.

Money received on account of the National Anti-Slavery Standard and forwarded to the publication office at New York as usual. Single numbers of the Standard for sale only at the Book Store of T. B. Pugh, South-west corner of Sixth and Chesnut streets. See his advertisement.

Office hours from 10 a.m. till 2 p.m.

Benjamin C. Bacon, Cor. Sec'y.

Our Washington Correspondent has failed us this week, for reasons to us unknown.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

The news from our armies this week is not important, and we must refer our readers to other sources for details of such movements as have been made. Grant has carried one wing of his army a mile and a half forward, and now holds his new position. In Georgia affairs look well on the whole. The invasion of Missouri has come to a disastrous end. Breckinridge has been defeated in East Tennessee.

THE REBELS PREPARING TO ARM THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND SLAVES.

The editor of the Southern *Confederate*, a Georgia paper, in writing home to his paper from Richmond, says:

"The pressure brought upon the authorities here, favoring the arming of the blacks, has been too strong to resist. Hence it is with gratitude that I am able to state officially that arrangements are now being made to arm, for the Spring campaign, three hundred thousand slaves, whose masters are to be compensated by the Confederate government. The slaves thus armed are to have their freedom and fifty acres of land each, which insures them permanent homes in the South"

The Army and the Negroes.

"Everywhere the American General receives his most useful and reliable information from the Negro, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

TREATMENT OF BLACK UNION SOLDIERS.—CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN GENERALS LEE AND GRANT.

Gen. Lee to Gen. Grant.

Headquarters Army Northern Virginia, October 19.

Lieut.-Gen. U. S. Grant, *Commanding U. S. A.*

General: In compliance with instructions from the Hon. Secretary of the Confederate States, I have the honor to call your attention to the subject of two communications recently addressed by Maj.-Gen. B. F. Butler, an officer under your command, to the Hon. Robert Ould, Commissioner for the exchange of prisoners. For the better understanding of the matter, I enclose copies of the communications. You will perceive by one of them that the writer has placed a number of officers and men belonging to the Confederate service, prisoners of war captured by the United States forces, at labor in the canal at Dutch Gap, in retaliation, as is alleged, for a like number of Federal colored soldiers, prisoners of war in our hands, who are said to have been put to work on our fortifications.

The evidence of this fact is founded in the affidavits of two deserters from our service. The other letter refers to a copy of a notice issued by a Confederate officer commanding a camp near Richmond, calling upon the owners to come forward and establish their claims to certain negroes in the custody of that officer. The writer of the letter proceeds to state that some of the negroes mentioned in the notice are believed to be soldiers of the United States army, captured in arms, and that upon that belief he has ordered to such manual labor, as he deems most fitting to meet the exigency, an equivalent number of prisoners of war held by the United States, and announces that he will continue to order to labor captives in war to a number equal to that of all the United States soldiers who he has reason to believe are held to service or labor by the Confederate forces, until he shall be notified that the alleged practice on the part of the Confederate authorities has ceased. Before stating the facts with reference to the particular negroes alluded to, I beg to explain the policy pursued by the Confederate government toward this class of persons when captured by our forces. All negroes in the military or naval service of the United States when taken by us, who are not identified as the property of citizens or residents of any of the Confederate States, are regarded as prisoners of war, being held to be proper subjects of exchange, as I recently had the honor to inform you. No labor is exacted from such prisoners by the Confederate authorities. Negroes who owe service or labor to citizens or residents of the Confederate States, and who, through compulsion, persuasion, or of their own accord, leave their owner and are placed in the military or naval service of the United States, occupy a different position. The right to the service or labor of negro slaves in the Confederate States is the same now as when the States were members of the Federal Union. The constitutional relations and obligations of the Confederate States to the owners of this species of property are the same as those so frequently and so long recognized as those appertaining to the government of the United States, with reference to the same class of persons by virtue of its organic law. From the earliest period of the independence of the American States it has been held that one of the duties incumbent upon the several common governments under which they have been from time to time associated, was the return to their lawful owners of slaves recaptured from the public enemy. It has been uniformly held that the capture or abduction of a slave does not impair the right of the owner to such slave, but that the right attaches to him immediately upon recapture. Such was the practice of the American States during their struggle for independence. The government under which they were then associated restored to the owners slaves abducted by the British forces and subsequently recaptured by the American armies. In the war of 1812, with Great Britain, the course pursued by the United States government was the same, and it recognized the right of the owner to slaves recaptured from the enemy. Both the continental and United States governments, in fact, denied that the abduction of slaves was a belligerent right, and the latter power insisted upon, and ultimately secured by treaty, pecuniary indemnity from the British government for slaves taken by its forces during the war of 1812. And it is supposed that, if a slave belonging to a citizen of a State in which slavery is recognized, and which is regarded as one of the United States, were to escape into the Confederate States, or be captured or abducted by their owners, the legal right of the owner to reclaim him would be as clear now as in 1812, the Constitution of the United States being unchanged in this particular, and that instrument having been interpreted in the judicial decisions, legislative and diplomatic acts and correspondence of the United States as imposing upon that government the duty of protecting in all cases coming within the scope of its authority, the owners of slaves as well as of any other kind of property recognized as such by the several States. The Confederate government, bound by the same constitutional obligations, considers, as that of the United States did, that the capture or abduction of a negro slave does not preclude the lawful owner from reclaiming him when captured; and I am instructed to say that all such slave property identified as belonging to citizens of any of the Confederate States, or to persons enjoying the protection of their laws, will be restored like other recaptured private property to those entitled to them.

Having endeavored to explain the general policy of the Confederate government with regard to this subject, I beg leave to state the facts concerning the particular transactions referred to in the enclosed communication. The negroes recently captured by our forces were sent to Richmond with other Federal prisoners After their arrival it was discovered that a number of them were slaves belonging to citizens or residents of some of the Confederate States, and of this class, fifty nine, as I learn, were sent with other negroes to work on the foritfications around Richmond until their owners should appear and claim them. As soon as I was informed of the fact, less than two days afterwards, not wishing to employ them here, I ordered them to be sent to the rear. By a misapprehension of the engineer officer in charge, they were transferred to our lines south of James river, but when apprised of the error I repeated the order of their removal. If any negroes were included among this number who were not identified as the slaves of citizens or residents of some of the Confederate States, they were included without the knowledge or authority of the War Department, as already explained, and the mistake, when discovered, would have been corrected.

It only remains for me to say that negroes employed upon our fortifications are not allowed to be placed where they will be exposed to fire, and there is no foundation for any statement to the contrary. The author of the communications referred to has considered himself justified by the report of two deserters who do not allege that the negroes in question were exposed to any danger in placing our prisoners under fire of our batteries. In view of the explanations of the practice of the Confederate government, above given, and of the statement of facts I have made, I have now, in accordance with my instructions, respectfully to inquire whether the course pursued toward our prisoners, as set forth in the accompanying letters, has your sanction, and whether it will be maintained.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee, General.

Gen. Grant to Gen. Lee.

Headquarters Armies of the U. S., Oct. 29, 1864.

Gen. R. E. Lee, *C. S. A., commanding Army of Northern Virginia,*

General: Understanding from your letter of the 19th, that the colored prisoners who were employed at work in the trenches, near Fort Gilmer, have been withdrawn, I have directed the withdrawal of the Confederate prisoners employed in the Dutch Gap canal.

I shall always regret the necessity of retaliation for wrongs done our soldiers, but regard it my duty to protect all persons received into the army of the United States, regardless of color or nationality.

When acknowledged soldiers of the government are captured, they must be treated as prisoners of war, or such treatment as they receive will be inflicted upon an equal number of prisoners held by us. I have nothing to do with the discussion of the slavery question, and therefore decline answering the argument adduced to show the right to return to former owners such negroes as are captured from our army. In answer to the question at the conclusion of your letter, I have to state that all prisoners of war falling into my hands shall receive the kindest treatment possible, consistent with securing them, unless I have good authority for believing that a number of our men are being treated otherwise. Though painful as it may be to me, I shall inflict like treatment on an equal number of Confederate prisoners.

Hoping that it may never become my duty to order retaliation upon any men held as prisoners of war, I have the honor to be,

Very resp'y, your ob't serv't,

U. S. Grant, Lieutenant-General.

A FORT BUILT IN ONE NIGHT.

The Philadelphia *Press* has a letter from the extreme front of Butler's army, which says that a new fort very unexpectedly made its appearance on the left of our line on the morning of the 15th inst., greatly to the satisfaction of the troops. It was built during the evening previous by the 4th and 6th U. S. colored regiments, and so silently was the work conducted that those inside of the breastworks had no knowledge of its being in the course of construction. The fort is on a fine eminence, and commands several points of the James, one of which is distant not more than five hundred yards. The rebel rams and gunboats lie at present under the guns of this fort. Of course other works are being constructed, and all necessary preparation is grandly progressing to a satisfactory completion.

THE REBEL PROPOSAL TO ARM THE SLAVES.

Hdqrs. Military Division of West Mississippi, New Orleans, La., Oct. 11, 1864.

General Orders, No. 58.—The subjoined extract from a dispatch from Henry W. Allen, styling himself Governor of Louisiana, to the Rebel Secretary of War, is published for general information:

Executive Office, Shreveport, La., Sept. 26, 1864.

Hon. James A. Seddon, *Secretary of War, Richmond, Va.*

My Dear Sir: The time has come for us to put into the army every able-bodied negro man as a soldier. This should be done immediately. Congress should, at the coming session, take action on this most important question. The negro knows that he cannot escape conscription if he goes to the enemy. He must play an important part in the war. He caused the fight, and he will have his portion of the burden to bear.

We have learned from dear-bought experience that negroes can be taught to fight, and that all who leave us are made to fight against us. I would free all able to bear arms, and put them into the field at once. They will make much better soldiers with us than against us, and swell the now depleted ranks of our armies. I beg you to give this your earnest attention.

With assurance of my friendly regard and very high esteem, I remain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Henry W. Allen, Governor of Louisiana.

The class of persons to whom it refers will not be conscripted into the armies of the United States. If they come within our lines, *all will be freed*, and they will be received and treated as refugees. They will be accepted as volunteers, or will be employed in the public service, and their families will be cared for until they are in a condition to care for them. If a draft should become necessary, no discrimination against them will be made in the enrollment or draft.

By order of Maj.-Gen. E. R. S. Canby.

C. T. Christensen, Lt.-Col., Asst. Adjt.-Gen.

"NEGROES WILL NOT FIGHT."

The following is an extract from a letter from an officer in a colored regiment, addressed to his father in this city:

"I have sad news to tell you. On the 13th of this month, at Pine Bluff, Tennessee, my dear friend, Lieut. Johnston, fell by a rebel bullet. He, with his company and one other of our regiments (Third United States Heavy Artillery, garrisoning Forts Quimby and Halleck, Columbia, Ky.), numbering ninety men in all, encountered two hundred and fifty rebels, and whipped them completely. Johnston killed five rebels with his own hands, and then fell with a shot through the neck. He turned to his men and said: 'It is all over with me, boys, but do not surrender,' and tottering to the ground breathed his life away. His loss is deeply lamented by all, for his generosity and bravery won him many friends. The rebels lost one Lieutenant-Colonel, one Captain, and twenty-five killed and wounded. We lost one Lieutenant killed, and eight killed and wounded. The fight lasted three hours, and the heroic ninety kept their ground unflinchingly to the last, and remained masters of the field. But poor Johnston is gone; as brave a man as ever lived; the rebels had cause to fear him, for he had during the war killed twenty with his own hands. He was buried where he had his first fight—Fort Donelson.

"Ninety negroes against two hundred and fifty whites, and whipped them in the bargain! Even Gen. Sherman, who thinks the negroes are in a *transition state*, must admit, if ninety blacks whip two hundred and fifty whites, in a fair fight in the open field (in a transition state), that, when out of that state, they will equal any soldiers of which history speaks. The trouble is simply this: the blacks want number one officers; they have no respect for poor white trash, and it is that class of men who have generally been placed over them by political influences. Give them more such men as Johnston, even up to Brigadier-Generals, instead of placing over them men that hate the very sight of their race, except as bondmen, and the battle-fields yet to be fought on will be watched over by the bronze statue of many a colored hero.

—*Evening Post.* "W. K."

GEN. BUTLER ON COLORED SOLDIERS.

In a congratulatory order to the Army of the James, of Oct. 11, Gen. Butler pays this tribute to his colored troops:

Of the colored soldiers of the Third Division of the Eighteenth and Tenth Corps, and the officers who led them, the General commanding desires to make special mention. In the charge on the enemy's works by the colored division of the Eighteenth corps at Spring Hill, New Market, better men were never better led—better officers never led better men. With hardly exception, the officers of the colored troops have justified the care with which they have been selected. A few more such gallant charges, and the command of colored troops will be the post of honor in American armies. Our colored soldiers, by coolness, steadiness and determined courage and dash, have silenced every cavil of the doubters of their soldierly capacity, and drawn tokens of admiration from their enemies; they have brought their late masters, even, to the consideration of the question whether they will not employ as soldiers this hitherto despised race. Be it so! This war is ended when the musket is in the hands of every able-bodied negro who wishes to use one.

GEN. LEE EATS HUMBLE PIE.

The Washington correspondent of the *Times*, telegraphs as follows on the 22d inst.:

Dispatches from the front inform us that Gen. Butler has carried his point, and that the rebel authorities have dispensed with the services of the colored United States soldiers who were put at hard labor in their trenches. Gen. Butler, it will be remembered, put an equal number of rebel prisoners at work in the Dutch Gap canal.

Yesterday, Gen. Lee officially notified Gen. Butler that these negro soldiers had been taken from the works and sent back to Richmond to be treated properly as prisoners of war. Gen. Butler at once relieved the rebel prisoners from further labor upon the canal, by the following official order, which was read to them from his headquarters:

Headquarters Department of Virginia and N. C., Army of the James, in the Field, Oct. 20, 1864.

General Orders No. 134.—It having been officially certified by Gen. Lee, commanding the Confederate forces, that the prisoners of war of this army, put to work in the trenches near Fort Gilmer, have been withdrawn, to be treated as prisoners of war, it is ordered that the prisoners of war of the Confederate forces set at work in the canal at Dutch Gap, in retaliation, shall be at once withdrawn, and sent to Point Lookout, to be held and treated hereafter as prisoners of war.

Numbers of these prisoners having certified in writing to the Commanding-General their desire to take the oath of allegiance, because of the inhumanity of the treatment of the Confederate authorities toward them, which application was declined lest it should be said that these prisoners took the oath of allegiance to the United States under duress, it is now ordered that so many of them as choose, after this order is read to them, be permitted to take the oath of allegiance and be sent North to be there found employment by the Government, as other prisoners of war have been who have returned to their loyalty to the United States.

By command of Maj.-Gen. B. F. Butler.

Official: Ed. W. Smith, Assist. Adjt.-Gen.

Upon the conclusion of the reading, one-fourth of the prisoners stepped forward and availed themselves of the provisions of the last clause.

Summary.

Rev. Wm. R. Alger has recently met with a severe domestic affliction, his eldest and youngest boy having died within a few days of each other.

A returned veteran of the 25th regiment upon entering a store on Front street, last Friday, was asked by an individual present if he had come home to vote the Democratic ticket. "Why" says the soldier, "I've been *shooting* Democrats for the last three years."—*Worcester Spy.*

There is talk in Paris of establishing a Biblical theatre, where will be played only pieces dramatized from the incidents of the Old Testament. A French paper thinks that Solomon and his three hundred wives would furnish excellent subjects for light *vaudevilles.*

Count Agenor De Gasparin, whose works on American affairs are so well known, has written a long letter, in which he argues that the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln is essential to the salvation of the Republic. M. Edouard Laboulaye has also lent us the aid of his potent pen in favor of the same consummation.

When McClellan was examined before the committee on the conduct of the war, his favorite answer to their interrogatories was: "I don't remember!" When he is asked, a month hence: Who ran against Lincoln when he was reëlected? he will probably make the same answer.—*Detroit Tribune.*

The ubiquitous energy of modern journalism has just been displayed in "the smallest village at the remotest corner of the British Empire," by the appearence of the Timaru Herald, published at the new seaport of Timaru, near the southern extremity of Canterbury Province, New Zealand.

The Copperhead press are making a great ado over the fact that President Lincoln, after the battle of Antietam, sent a dispatch to McClellan, saying, "God bless you." We can't see why they make so great a parade of it, unless it is to show that Mr. Lincoln's prayers are not answered.

Mr. Reynolds, the dramatist, once met a free and easy actor, who told him that he had passed three festive days, at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of—, without an invitation. He had gone there on the assumption that, as my lord and lady were not on speaking terms, each would suppose that the other had asked him, and so it turned out.

A Parisian physician relates a curious case of poisoning by tobacco. A man had wrapped together leaves all round his body on the naked skin, in order to smuggle the article across the frontier, but the perspiration caused by walking in hot weather gave rise to an absorption of the active principles of tobacco through the skin, which led to his death.

"As an exemplification," writes Mr. Conway to the *Commonwealth*, "of the ignorance with regard to America which one sometimes finds, even in the best society in England, let me mention that Professor Rogers, of Boston, was the other day asked by a lady, at a dinner party, (where I was present,) whether the English language was to any great extent spoken in the United States!"

Orestes A. Brownson, heretofore vehemently opposing Mr. Lincoln, now declares that the choice between the candidates of Baltimore and of Chicago is virtually a choice between Union and Disunion, hence he goes for Mr. Lincoln. He says: "I cannot vote for a Peace ticket, for this war has cost me too much for me to be willing it should end till the rebellion is put down and the authority and majesty of the government vindicated."

The India Cotton Fields.—Statistics published in the latest Liverpool papers show that forty-seven vessels are now on the way to England from the East Indies with cargoes of cotton ranging from eighteen hundred to seven thousand bales each. The aggregate amount is no less than 221,864 bales. All these vessels are at sea, and their arrival at Liverpool at different periods will keep the cotton mills in operation for a considerable part of the coming Winter. The new fields seem to be doing well.

Note the fact that the Emancipation policy is vindicated by the rebels. The rebel Gov. Allen, as late as September 26th, wrote to his government: "The time has come for us to put into the army every able-bodied negro man as a soldier. * * * He caused the fight, and he will have his portion of the burthen to bear. * * * *I would* free *all able to bear arms, and put them into the field at once.*" Cannot Mr. Lincoln do for the Union what the rebels want to do against it?

A novelty has just been started for the amusement of those in Paris who delight in sensational horrors. The new excitement is a Monsieur Christophe Deland, who departed this life A. D. 1724, and who having been buried between strata of guano—so the legend runs—is now, A. D. 1864, not only in a state of perfect preservation, but rather good looking to boot, giving one the impression that he probably made conquests in his day. He may be seen any day, from twelve to four, in his glass coffin, at the shop of his fortunate proprietors, opposite the Porte St. Denis, for a moderate sum.

The Free-State Legislature of Louisiana has chosen Charles Smith of St. Mary's a U. S. Senator, vice Judah P. Benjamin, whose time expires with the ensuing session, and R. K. Cutler to fill, for the three ensuing years, the seat which was left vacant by John Slidell's treason. Mr. Smith is a carpenter by trade, a Unionist in all weathers, who was compelled to flee from the hate of the Secessionists, and take refuge in New-Orleans under the rule of Gen. Butler. He has been Sheriff of and is now the State Senator from his own parish. Mr. Cutler is a leading lawyer of New-Orleans, and has filled several important posts in the Parish of Jefferson. He was a prominent member of the Constitutional Convention.

Death of Col. George D. Wells.—Information has been received of the death of Col. Wells, who was killed at Cedar Creek on the 13th inst. Col. W. originally went out with the First Mass. Regiment, and was transferred to the 34th. A part of the time, since his connection with the army, he has been an acting brigadier general. His skill and courage as an officer, have been highly praised by his superiors in command. Before the war he was a member of the Legislature, and afterwards honorably filled the position of a Justice of the Boston Police-Court. He was a native of Greenfield, and son of the late Chief Justice Daniel Wells, of the Court of Common Pleas. His death will cause grief in a very large circle of acquaintances and friends.

One way to get a Hat.—When the cars on the Eastern railroad were passing through Rowley one day last week, a passenger lost his hat, and was taking on badly because the conductor would not stop to pick it up. Another passenger told him to keep still and he would give him a better hat than that. When the train reached Newburyport, the last man opened a window and calling up a stranger entered into earnest conversation on politics till the car had started, when he reached out his hand, grabbed the outsider's Kossuth and throwing it to the hatless passenger told him to put it on and hold his tongue. One man went home bare headed, but if he don't lose more than that by political disputes he may think himself lucky.—*Newburyport Herald.*

An officer down in Georgia tells the following story;

One night Gen.—was out on the line, and observed a light on the mountain opposite. Thinking it was a signal light of the enemy, he remarked to his artillery officer that a hole could easily be put through it. Whereupon the officer, turning to the corporal in charge of the gun, said:

"Corporal, do you see that light?"

"Yes sir."

"Put a hole through it," ordered the captain. The corporal sighted the gun, and when all was ready he looked up and said:

"Captain that's the moon."

"Don't care for that," was the captain's ready response, "put a hole through it any how."

Sufficiently Rewarded.—The last joke at the expense of the French Society for the Protection of Animals is to the following effect:—A countryman, armed with an immense club, presents himself before the President of the Society, and claims the first prize. He is asked to describe the act of humanity on which he founds his claim. "I saved the life of a wolf," replied the countryman. "I might easily have killed him with this bludgeon," and he swings his weapon in the air, to the intense discomfort of the President. "But where was this wolf?" inquires the latter; "what had he done to you?" "He had just devoured my wife," is the reply. The President reflects an instant, and then says, "My friend, I am of the opinion that you have been sufficiently rewarded."

Free Maryland.—The colored citizens of Worcester celebrated the freedom of Maryland, Oct. 31st, by a public meeting at their church on Exchange street. Dr. J. B. Smith of Boston delivered an address, in which he sketched the struggle between slavery and freedom to the present time, and recounted the triumphs of freedom, as achieved by the war, in an able and interesting manner. He was followed by Mrs. Frances E. W. Harper of Boston, a lady of considerable ability, who has won reputation as a poetess. She traced a picture of the war in all its sorrow and suffering, and showed that through the interposition of Providence it was designed to give freedom to her people. Her address was gracefully written, and listened to with close attention by the closely packed audience.—*Mass. Spy.*

John Mitchel.—It may not be generally known that John Mitchel, the Irish refugee, is the commodore of the rebel fleet in the James River, so I have been positively assured by a deserter from it. The many desertions from it have put him in a very bad humor, in which he indulges in brutal curses, declaring that there are so many traitors that he found it difficult to trust any one. The four wooden gunboats carry two guns each, while the three iron clads mount four each, making, in all, twenty guns, which this renegade is attempting to direct against the nation which offered him an asylum of liberty. He will probably be returned to the old country as a vagrant some of these days, where, in undergoing punishment for his crimes, he will have full time to reflect over his treachery to liberty and humanity.—*Cor. Phila. Press.*

A few days ago, a slave-owner in Oldham County, Ky., visited Louisville with two of his "boys," whom he desired to enlist in the army, so that he might get the bounty. While making the necessary inquiries, he deposited the negroes in the slave-pen. Upon calling for them he was charged $60. He demurred, but was terrified into payment by being told that the confining of the slaves was a violation of military orders, that if the fact became known, all parties would be arrested and thrown into the military prison. He accordingly paid the money, but on consulting the receipt found that it was minus a revenue stamp. He visited the keeper of the pen and threatened him with prosecution for neglecting to stamp his receipt if the money was not refunded, upon which the keeper thrashed him. The discomfited owner of the negroes then caused the arrest of the keeper, who was mulcted in the sum of $250, for violation of the internal revenue law. The slave-owner retired, satisfied that he had the best of the transaction.

The International Social Science Congress has just completed its annual sittings at Amsterdam; but before its members separated, one hundred and sixty of them attached their signatures to the following brief but admirable address:

"To Abraham Lincoln, *President of the United States.*—We have followed with profound interest, from its origin, the struggle between the energetic citizens of the North and the slaveholders of the South. While regretting the bloodshed and the evils resulting from war, we congratulate you upon the constant firmness with which you, and the great nation which elected you, have defended justice and humanity. Convinced that the United States nation will issue from this trial stronger than ever, and with a future definitively separated from every servile institution, we await the speedy triumph of the holy cause of liberty. We are sure that the destinies of the great republic will never be compromised by you."

Gen. Sherman and the Presidential Election.—The following note from Gen. Sherman explains itself:

Headquarters Military Division of the Mississippi, in the field, Kingston, Ga., Oct. 11, 1864.

My Dear Sir: There is not one word of truth in the paragraph you sent me, cut from the New York *Herald* of Sept. 20. I never thought, said, or wrote that McClellan would get "ninety-nine out of every hundred votes" in this army. I am as ignorant of the political bias of the men in this army as you are at the distance of a thousand miles, and I would as soon think of tampering with a soldier's religion as with his preference for men. I have not and shall not attempt to influence a vote in the coming struggle. I believe Mr. Lincoln has done the best he could. With respect, etc., W. T. Sherman.

John C. Hamilton, Esq.

J. C. Tucker, of Boston, made a speech at a Democratic convention on Monday, showing an admirable amount of that decency and urbanity which are claimed as being peculiar to the Democratic party. He said that if Brooks had cut deeper with his gutta percha cane on Sumner, he would have his (Tucker's) prayers for his salvation. Sumner, he said, went around Europe showing his shirt with blood on it to excite sympathy. Sumner never had a wife, and the speaker hoped he never would have a son, for there had been enough of them already. He charged Gen. Butler with stealing at New Orleans, and hoped he should see the day, even if it came in the night, when Ben Butler would be hung, which he would walk twenty-five miles to see. He was never so glad as when the report came the other day that Butler was shot, a report which unfortunately turned out to be false.

Messrs. Winthrop, Abbott, and other fastidious converts from whiggery to modern democracy, must be proud of their associates.

Return of Dr. Bellows.—Dr. Bellows, the president of the Sanitary Commission, arrived from California on Sunday morning, and preached to his congregation in the evening. Beside the regular attendants of the church, a large number of his other old friends were present. In the course of his sermon, which was impressive and touching to a high degree, Dr. Bellows gave an interesting account of the result of his mission to the Pacific coast. He said that he had preached twice every Sunday, delivered more than fifty addresses, opened and conducted a wide correspondence in California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington territory, and collected two hundred thousand dollars for the relief of our soldiers and sailors.

He described the moral and social condition of California as most promising, and was sure that politically it would give an enthusiastic vote for the Union. His remarks were listened to with breathless interest throughout, and at the close of the service he was warmly greeted by his numerous parishioners and acquaintances. Dr. Bellows returns in excellent health, not having lost a moment by illness during his absence, and ready to lend his cheerful activity and zeal to the many good causes in which he has so long taken a prominent part.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

MARRIED.

Turner—Randolph.—In Philadelphia, on the 20th ult., by Rev. Wm. H. Furness, Joseph C. Turner, Esq., and Mrs. Eliza S. Randolph.

Special Notices.

A Stated Meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society will be held at 727 Filbert Street, on Fifth day, the 10th inst., at 3½ o'clock.

G. M. S. P. Jones, Sec.

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Miscellaneous Department.

THE LAST RALLY.

NOVEMBER, 1864.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Rally! rally! rally!
Arouse the slumbering land!
Rally! rally! from mountain and valley,
And up from the ocean-strand!
Ye sons of the West, America's best!
New Hampshire's men of might!
From prairie and crag unfurl the flag,
And rally to the fight!

Armies of untried heroes,
Disguised in craftsman and clerk!
Ye men of the coast, invincible host!
Come every one to the work!
From the fisherman gray as the salt-sea spray
That on Long Island breaks,
To the youth who tills the uttermost hills
By the blue north-western lakes!

And ye Freedmen! rally, rally
To the banners of the north!
Through the shattered door of bondage pour
Your swarthy legions forth!
Kentuckians! ye of Tennessee,
Who scorned the despot's sway!
To all, to all, the bugle call
Of Freedom sounds to-day!

Old men shall fight with the ballot,
Weapon the last and best!
And the bayonet, with blood red-wet,
Shall write the will of the rest!
And the boys shall fill men's places,
And the little maiden rock
Her doll, as she sits with her grandam and knits,
An unknown hero's sock.

And the hearts of heroic mothers,
And the deeds of noble wives,
With their power to bless shall aid no less
Than the brave who give their lives.
The rich their gold shall bring, and the old
Shall help us with their prayers;
While hovering hosts of pallid ghosts
Attend us unawares.

From the ghastly fields of Shiloh
Muster the phantom bands,
From Virginia's swamps, and Death's white camps
On Carolina's sands;
From Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg,
I see them gathering fast;
And up from Manassas, what is it that passes
Like thin clouds in the blast?

From the Wilderness, where blanches
The nameless skeleton;
From Vicksburg's slaughter and red-streaked water,
And the trenches of Donelson;
From the cruel, cruel prisons,
Where their bodies pined away,
From groaning decks, from sunken wrecks,
They gather with us to-day.

And they say to us, "Rally! rally!
The work is almost done!
Ye harvesters! sally from mountain and valley
And reap the fields we won.
We sowed for endless years of peace,
We harrowed and watered well;
Our dying deeds were the scatttered seeds:
Shall they perish where they fell?"

And their brothers, left behind them
In the deadly roar and clash
Of cannon and sword, by fort and ford,
And the carbine's quivering flash;
Before the Rebel citadel
Just trembling to its fall;
From Georgia's glens, from Florida's fens,
For us they call, they call!

The life-blood of the tyrant
Is ebbing fast away;
Victory waits at her opening gates,
And smiles on our array;
With solemn eyes the Centuries
Before us watching stand,
And love lets down his starry crown
To bless the future land.

One more sublime endeavor,
And behold the dawn of Peace!
One more endeavor, and war forever
Throughout the land shall cease;
Forever and ever the vanquished power
Of Slavery shall be slain,
And Freedom's stained and trampled flower
Shall blossom white again.

Then rally! rally! rally!
Make tumult in the land!
Ye foresters! rally from mountain and valley,
Ye fishermen! from the strand!
Brave sons of the West, America's best!
New England's men of might!
From prairie and crag unfurl the flag
And rally to the fight.

—*Atlantic Monthly for November.*

ENGLAND AND THE UMBRELLA.

There was a time when there had never been seen in any street of any city, town, or village of England that most necessary and inseparable appendage of the Englishman, an umbrella! Think of that realm of the Fog-king and the Rain-demon, unprovided with umbrellas! Imagine John Bull without an outspread umbrella thrust into the teeth of the pelting storm, or a folded one stuck defiantly under his arm in expectation of the storm to be! Yet, previous to the year 1712, our gracious cousin was unblessed with this alleviation of his climatic woes. It was during this pre-umbrella period that he acquired that proclivity to suicide, and that disposition to growl at all the world, which so strongly characterize the native born and bred Englishman. It is an interesting subject of speculation what might have been the result had this useful implement been introduced at an earlier stage of British history. We should pardon everything to a people whose youth was spent, unprotected, in an everlasting rain-storm; and we should cherish the pleasing hope that in the course of a few geological ages, the effect of the ameliorating institution may become distinctly perceptible.

Previous to the year 1712! That phrasing certainly implies that from that period the umbrella was a known, a recognized blessing in England. Pardon, gentle reader. That is by no means a strictly logical conclusion, nor is it sustained by facts. For though I will not take it upon me to say that there may not have been, so early as the date aforesaid, a solitary umbrella to be found here and there, in some royal or ducal mansion, used perchance by footman all lace and gold to protect the finery of queen or princess as she stepped from her chariot into the grand entrance on a stormy day of state—John Bull had not as yet, in any proper sense, come into the possession of his peculiar institution. For, as yet, no man had been found with the moral courage to carry an umbrella in the street. But in the year 1712 the coming man came. In that year was born Jonas Hanway, the first Englishman who dared to face the rain and public opinion by walking abroad with an umbrella over his head. That year, therefore, is the true umbrella epoch. It matters little how early or how late in life he performed the audacious act; but it is evident that had he never been born, he would never have performed it at all. In the fact of his birth was wrapped up the future England, the England of umbrellas! What portents attended the great event, history does not inform us; but we cannot widely err in assuming that his eyes first opened in the dismal twilight of an English rain-storm, which indeed would have been no portent in the case of any other English child save the predestined introducer of the umbrella.

Jonas in due time grew up and became a traveller. A mysterious impulse directed him to the native regions of the umbrella. For the Western races may not arrogate to themselves this supreme invention. It is the true flower of the Orient. It sprang to life in sunshine, not in rain. It is the little tent, the tentlet, and grew out of the same thought as spread the light curtained dwellings of the pastoral East. To the Mandarins of China and the Emirs of Persia, the luxurious shade of its little canopy was familiar ages before it was known in Europe. Its original purpose was protection from the too fervid light and heat of these sun-loved climes. But genius manifests itself not less in application than in invention; and it is the peculiar and crowning glory of Jonas Hanway that he converted the Oriental *parasol* into the Occidental *parapluie*. By that simple transfer, he became the benefactor of his country, and of the universal Anglo-Saxon race. That this might become possible, Fate had infused into his nature that indefinable restlessness, that quenchless thirst for the new and strange, which stamps the individual as a natural and born traveller. For had Jonas remained contented in his native isle he might never have seen an umbrella, since his rank in life, though entirely respectable, was not among the high and mighty of the land, to whom alone this product of distant shores was then known. So, as has been said, he visited many Eastern lands, among others, Persia, and learned to know, and prize, and meditate on the umbrella. Whether the new idea dawned upon his mind while yet abroad, it is impossible to say; but at any rate he must have become accustomed to the sight of it as a familiar object in the streets of Ispahan, a most important step in that triumph over the prejudices of education, which finally enabled him to enter on his mission of installing, singly and alone, so great an innovation on established customs. For we may be sure, that when he first walked forth in the streets of Portsmouth or London, we know not which, with this outlandish and ridiculous contrivance over his head, there were not wanting any of those immemorial usages through which an English mob is wont to express the contempt and displeasure of the popular British heart. Hootings, jests, curses, peltings with mud, with eggs not savory, with sticks and stones, were as plentiful as on any worthy occasion of former or later days; and if Jonas, after his martyr-promenade, arrived at his own door, himself and his precious umbrella whole in ribs, he came off easier than any reformer has a right to expect. Why, when he flouted that foreign absurdity in the face of Britons, was it not as much as to say that he knew a little something more than other folks? Was it not casting contempt upon their common ancestors? Was it not an invasion of the glorious British right of being daily and hourly soaked to the skin? Nay, wasn't it a wicked defiance of Providence—for what was rain sent for except to wet? Poor Jonas! There was no man in the whole realm better abused than he that day.

But he walked forth with his umbrella again, and yet again; and it was not long before his umbrella seemed to have multiplied itself, for other men were carrying just the same thing; and we may be sure that when by chance they met, they exchanged a smile and nod, like people doing something strange in which they would keep each other in countenance. But as months passed on, they ceased to do so, for umbrellas were a familiar sight, and every man who could, bought one for his own use. Shops of foreign merchants were ransacked for them; Jews imported them second-hand, by ways and means they knew of, and sold them at high prices; by-and-by, a manufactory of them was established on British soil, and the growing demand gave birth to a new and profitable branch of industry for British artisans. And now, in that misty island, where a hundred years ago an umbrella had never been seen, the land is covered with its myriad little tents, thick enough, almost, were they joined in one, to spread a canopy over its entire surface; and you can sooner think of John Bull as amiable than as destitute of an umbrella.

Jonas Hanway was a somewhat successful merchant, an acceptable writer of Foreign Travels, and a liberal-hearted philanthropist. He gave away nearly his whole moderate fortune in deeds of charity. But the unintentional philanthropy of being the first man to carry an umbrella in England is his true claim to the gratitude of mankind, and especially of his countrymen. To what man do they owe more! They should erect to his memory a monument in the form of a vast umbrella, under whose shelter the people could take their pleasure on rainy days. It is matter of regret that the suggestion did not occur while the plans for the great Industrial Palace were yet before the judges. But it is not too late for something worthy to be done; and it would be well for our cousins to be improving for this purpose the interval likely to occur before they are called on to settle "the American difficulty." When they have our affairs in charge, it is to be feared their hands will be too full to take proper care of their own.—*Examiner.*

BACK NEIGHBORHOODS.

On the top of the hills between the great thoroughfares, a little aside from the main wagon roads, and where railroads and telegraph lines will never go, I sometimes find neighborhoods which may be called the lean spots of Connecticut. These are not the gathering places of enterprise. Enterprise in this State, like the soil, has a decided tendency to work down into the valleys. Life don't gather in these back places; it radiates from them and goes to swell the life of those rapidly growing towns about which we like to brag when in the hearing of Englishmen. Men live in these out of the way corners, but go elsewhere to get work. These are the spots where men and women are the staple productions. I have known of the great cities sending to these corners to get a brain-worker.

The roads in these back neighborhoods are like striped ribbons—three stripes of earth and two of grass—and they go winding along between the stone walls, and under the outstretched arms of wayside oaks, and among red cedars that once in the year are all ablaze with the scarlet leaves of the Virginia creeper. These roads have been made by the man who drives a sober horse harnessed to a plain wagon, and who jolts along to church with his wife, or to the mill with a bag of corn. With the exception of the people who live upon them, these roads are not much travelled except by the men who go into the by-places to find hired girls, or to purchase a yoke of young cattle, and by myself who go there to get some of the things which otherwise might go to waste.

In this neighborhood where I have walked to-day, I see on all sides scores of old pastures going back to forest. Nevertheless, the numerous old oaks and chestnuts which stand about the fields and along the roads, have a humanized look, and they make the place appear as if it had long been inhabited. The gardens and grounds around the houses, blend with the encroaching forest of cedars, birches and oaks, and it is not easy to tell what belongs to the house or what belongs to the woods.

The houses which I have seen to-day, are small, and have no door-yards. Still the old neighborhood is not without some signs of a by-gone enterprise. Shaded by four maple trees and standing aloof from the road, is an old dreamy, half-tenanted, unpainted two-story house. These old houses in back places are always garrulous. I looked at that great house and got a glimpse of the man who built it, and who once expected to gather much from his wide meadows and pastures, and who meant to live in no small way. Some one, I judge, has seen disappointment in that house, for either its builder or his children left the old place to some shiftless brood, and went elsewhere with their large ideas of living.

Connecticut is so full of ingenuity and invention, I like to walk in a back neighborhood to see some of the quaint old industries. Within hearing of the cars, I sometimes find the hand-loom and the old spinning-wheels. I see wooden-toothed harrows tilted up against the walls. I notice men pursuing some rather primitive modes to fill their small barns. Leaving out of the account the main staples—the men and women—these small barns hint at light crops. However, there is always another harvest of whortleberries, blackberries, chestnuts and hickory-nuts, and poetry. The crop of poetry which I find in the old fields is not small. But I don't think much of it is generally harvested. The most of it is either plowed in, or suffered to rot down like rowen. I sometimes harvest a little of it for my own use. It would be well for every man to gather some of it, but then, I would not have him think he must rush into market with it. When I attempt to talk to men, I sometimes notice that they are a little deaf; I infer from this that nine-tenths of the good things which I get, are given to me expressly for my own consumption. When I say crop of poetry, I don't mean verse; verse is what we get when the purple cluster is mashed, and its juice is sealed up in uniform measures with great dimples in their bottoms. The crops in these retired places, when taken all together, are somewhat immense, I think.

I like to walk among the simple people in back places, where the folks wear their clothes to keep themselves warm, and not to make a show on the street. These people have none of the town's polite insolence; they look at me with a sort of brotherhood in their eyes. But I do not go among men to praise them all. I have seen the weight of depravity which everywhere weighs upon man; I should be a poor reporter, indeed, if I did not tell, once for all, how well I know that all men stand in need of divine help. I meet men on our country roads, who have been much abroad; they are covered with moral travel-stains, and they have the hard finish which men get in the great towns. When I contrast these men with our simple farmers, I am ready to shell the city with hard words.

I observed many deep-chested women when I walk in the back places. To-day I saw a bare-headed and bare-armed woman engaged in feeding and counting her turkeys; with one red arm she held her feeding-dish against her stout waist, and with the other she pointed out the fowls as she counted. The sight of that woman reassured me that the vigor of the race is not much impaired.

These back neighborhoods are good places; for in them you have some chance to escape from the tyranny of society, which compels a man to wear a gold ring on his little finger, and put a carpet on his floor, and which makes him feel a little ashamed if he can't live like my neighbor Dives. I am engaged just now in scrutinizing the sumptuary requirements of society. I have helped take up one or two carpets, and it has occurred to me that they were put down to conceal the fact from me that I have been living on top of a mass of filth and barbarism, which my neighbor Hokum would not tolerate an instant on his barn floor. However, I find myself somewhat emancipated from ordinary society: were it otherwise, I would go to some by-place, where I could draw nigh to God, and nourish myself on the fatness of an old pasture.

—*Foot Notes, Oneida Circular.*

The Shopkeeper's Embarrassment.—The following anecdote respecting the famous Eau de Cologne of Jean Marie Farina has appeared in a French journal: "There are many Farinas at Cologne, all of whom, of course, claim to be the real Simon Pure. A French gentleman who was recently in that city, being anxious to obtain a few bottles, entered the handsomest of three fine shops, all pretending to sell the genuine perfume. After making a purchase, he conjured the master of the establishment to say whether he was indeed the real Farina. The shopkeeper seemed greatly embarrassed, but at last confessed that he was not, and that the real Farina kept the shop on the other side of the street. The gentleman thanked him for his candor, and immediately made another purchase at the shop indicated. The next day the Frenchman, happening to pass through the street with a native of Cologne, related his adventure, and was not a little astonished when his friend exclaimed: 'The rascal! why, the shop which he recommended you is a branch establishment of his own!'"

WHERE THE OLD FOLKS LIVED.

BY DAVID BARKER.

I never shall tell who the old folks were,
'Tis a wasting of time and breath
To give you the names of the humble pair,
Who have passed through the courts of death.

But the cot on the lot on the top of the hill,
Near the spot where I just have cried,
'Tis the lot where the old folks toiled and lived:
And the cot where the old folks died

Is dearer far to my weary heart
Than the dearest spot of the earth;
For that was the cot on the lot on the hill,
Where the old folks gave me birth.

There's a slab near the cot on the lot on the hill
That will tell to the traveller there,
When the old folk's passed through the gates of death,
And the names of the humble pair.

When I tire of the toils and cares of my life,
O, then at the spot where I cried,
Near the cot let me sleep on the top of the hill,
Cuddled down by the old folks' side.

—*Northern Monthly.*

HAWTHORNE AND WHITTIER.

Since the death of Hawthorne there have been many notices, and all agree in placing him among the first American writers. Mr. Edward Dicey, in his interesting reminiscences, published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, has given some of the most truthful and discriminating delineations of his character that we have seen. The genius of Hawthorne was of a high intellectual order. Few writers have made a greater mark on our literature. His sketches and more elaborate works of fiction are among the most striking of the age. But with all his high intellectual qualities and power of imagination he fails in the loftier moral elements. He is a masterly dissecter of human passions. He can analyze and describe the various windings of the human heart, and portray the darker and more tragic features of the soul with a skill that finds few superiors, but he fails to introduce you to the higher and more heroic struggles of humanity. He seems lacking in a deep and lofty faith, and his writings will not make heroes, prophets or apostles.

The reason of this will be found in the character of the man. He was hesitating in his convictions. He lived in an age when the greatest struggles for humanity were going on before his eyes, and yet kept himself apart from them. He went to Washington when the hearts of his countrymen were stirred by the beating of an exalted patriotism, and under its inspiration were pouring out their blood, and yet we have from him no trumpet tone—no word of holy, patriotic ardor, no recognition of the sublime moral grandeur of a country's uprising. As he walked over the battle-fields of Manassas, his opinions were so halting that he was drawn to a foreigner, and found in his companionship more sympathy than he could from his own countrymen, and made him the recipient of his private thoughts.

We recur to these features of Hawthorne's character because they illustrate the defect of his genius. He could stand in Washington when his fellow-citizens were glowing with an intense patriotic fervor, and describe events and scenes as if they were of no personal concern. His writings partake of the peculiarities of the man. His genius lacks the throbbing human heart. It can portray the workings of our mysterious nature. It can draw out with wonderful minuteness the heaving passions of the breast, but he does not give us creations that are full, rich and lofty in the noblest features of humanity. We have from his pen no grand individuals of noble moral quality, touching tenderness and high resolve, whose lives are rich in the loftiest aspirations of godlike souls.

In this we think he is in striking contrast with the Quaker poet. Whittier is rich in the tones of moral inspiration. His writings help mould and shape the most enduring thought of the age. He lives in his times, sympathizes with its noblest forms of life, helps to breathe into it fresh hope, faith and courage. His genius is filled with the holiest spirit of the age. Hence the name of Whittier is wrought into the fibres of the nation's thought, and his genius represents its highest ideal. All that is truest, best and most vital in the hour, is idealized by the subtle touch of his imagination, and comes forth in songs that will ring and thrill in the hearts of unborn generations. No one can read his poems without feeling his better nature stirred. He is the apostle of liberty, truth, love, and lofty moral heroism.

In these two writers we see illustrated different ideas of the proper aim and functions of literature and the literary man. Whittier is the truer example of what should be the aim of genius. The advancing spirit of the world demands that the literary man shall make his power tell on his age in the direction of its highest and best thought. The question is not, does the man write works of fiction which are distinguished for their charm of description, the graces of style, the analysis of emotion, the portraiture of passion. Fiction fails of its highest purpose, if only it charms and pleases. Poetry is insipid which is empty of the sap of lofty sentiment. Genius is faithless to its most sacred trusts if it is not stirred to use its gifts for noble ends. Whittier in a remarkable degree answers this test. Hawthorne does not. Powerful, as works of genius, as the Scarlet Letter, Marble Faun and Blithedale may be, there is an unreality about them. The characters are morbid, morally and mentally unsound. A generation who should depend on such reading for its food would not be fitted to do the noblest work of life. Far otherwise with the readers of Whittier. The lowliest would grow strong and rich. Woman in her daily struggles would be braver and truer; human love more sacred and holy; man more loyal to duty, and with grander moral aspirations. Life would be better in all its forms. In the deep, unwritten, unspoken chapters of sentiment and motive there would grow a purer ideal. In the outward struggles with poverty, wrong, sin and sorrow, there would be a greater fidelity and a truer faith. In Whittier we have the exemplification of the Christian poet. His writings are pure in sentiment, abounding in the wealth of moral beauty, full of sweet tenderness and the truest ideals. They come from the baptized Christian spirit, and speak of that which is truest and best in the age, and aim to lift us to the height of their holiest inspirations.—*Christian Register.*

The Danger of a Mistaken Magnanimity.—I pass, now, to the second great danger, which in our eagerness for peace, we are liable to leave unextirpated. I mean the danger of slavery. There are many that are indifferent to this subject, and that cannot be made to see what slavery, afar off in remote States, has to do with us. Eh! a sore on my foot I think is a sore on my whole body. And such are the vital relations of the States in this nation, such were they intended to be, such are they made to be by the Administration at Washington, which is common to all the States, that one State cannot suffer and all not suffer. New England cannot be true to the old historic doctrine of human rights, and every slaveholder in the South not feel it and be provoked by it; and the doctrine of oppression cannot be applied in Georgia or Alabama, and New England not feel it in every stream and on every farm. Every part of this nation is vitally connected with every other part. The doctrines of the East affect the West, the doctrines of the West affect the East, the doctrines of the North affect the South, and the doctrines of the South affect the North. The Democratic tendencies of the North have affected the South, rendering its institutions insecure; and the aristocratic tendencies of the South have affected the North, rendering labor unpopular. You might as well say, "That swamp yonder is not on my farm; it is on my neighbor's farm," as to say that slavery is not among us, but in the Southern States. Yes, the swamp is on your neighbor's farm; but the malaria is not there alone. The wind catches that and spreads it; and yours will be the chills and fever, whosesoever the farm is that the swamp is on. Now, there is that great dismal swamp of the South; and the nation feels the chills and fever that emanate from it perpetually. And there is not a drayman, there is not an apprentice boy, there is not an immigrant from Ireland or Germany that has not an interest in the extermination of slavery. For, as long as it is on this continent, labor is cheated, and laborers are degraded.

There is nothing that I feel more than that sad ignorance which leads so many laboring men, whose prosperity, and advancement, and honor, are wrapped up in hatred of slavery and love of liberty, to be suborned and juggled into going for slavery and against liberty. But so it has been since the world was. As the destruction of the poor is their poverty, so the destruction of the ignorant is their ignorance.

The North, justly wishing peace, has shown no little generosity and magnanimity, you know, much as we have suffered in this war. I know not that the South are relatively more barbarous than we; but they are not so civilized as we; they never have been; they never can be with slavery. We have been more humane than they; but we are more Christian. They have treated our soldiers and prisoners according to the morals that prevail there; we have treated theirs according to the morals that prevailed here; and if theirs are better treated than ours, it is because theirs are in the midst of a higher state of civilization in their captivity than ours are. The North has never felt malignant toward the South. A better-natured people at war was never seen than the North have been, and are to-day. And such are the generosity and magnanimity of the North that the danger, you know as well as I, is, that we shall say, "The South has suffered enough, and we are strong: do not let us be hard on them. Let us give them their own way, if they will come back. Let by-gones be by-gones." You are so generous and magnanimous that you are disposed to be unjust to the trust that God in his providence has committed to your hands. Now, you are not to make a peace to-day simply for what you want; you are bound to make a peace for posterity and for the continent. You are not to consult merely the levity of your own feelings; you are bound to consider what is the well-being of unborn millions, not forgetting the populations of Florida, and Georgia, and Mississippi, and Louisiana, and Texas, and all the territory, till it washes its feet in the Pacific ocean. And you stand to-day thrice entrusted of God with the making of a peace that shall be for the future of a continent. And no king on earth wields such a sceptre as you will hold when you take in your hand that vote which you are to cast at the election in November.—*H. W. Beecher. Sermon, Oct.* 16.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF KANT.

"Kant lived in a modest and retired house, in a quiet street behind the old palace. Every morning, Winter and Summer, the old soldier who was his servant came into his bedroom at five, and said, 'It is time.' The philosopher rose instantly, dressed with wonderful rapidity, and by five was seated at his breakfast-table, where he drank one or two cups of tea—nothing more—smoked a pipe, and collected his ideas for the work of the day. At seven he went out for his lectures, and on returning set to work till a quarter to one. Precisely at the quarter he dressed for dinner, took a glass of wine to incite his appetite, and was ready for the guests whom he had invited. He never dined alone, and always breakfasted alone. Dinner was the time when he liked to receive his friends. At his breakfast he was so much accustomed to solitude that when once a friend dropped in at that hour and asked to share his meal, Kant was embarrassed, and ended by asking his friend to sit where he could not see him, saying that for more than half a century he had never seen a soul near him while he drank his tea in the morning. But at dinner he could not bear to be left to himself. He always took care to invite some of his friends beforehand; and one day, when none of them could come, he sent his servant into the street to pick up the first passer-by and bring him in to dinner. He could not bear to be kept waiting. For this reason he detested ceremony at table, and his most agreeable guest was the one who took a dish without offering it to others, so that the turn of the host came the more quickly. It must be remembered that Kant had eaten nothing all the morning, and had been working steadily. Dinner lasted two hours or more, and was a very pleasant meal, the great metaphysician talking in a simple and popular style on all subjects of the day, especially on politics, of which he was a diligent reader. His passion for them was such that he sometimes flung himself eagerly on the newspapers in the morning, which one would have thought a profanation. For his study was a sanctuary, sacred to intellectual labors, and nothing mundane was ever heard in it. Not till the guests had quitted the study and entered the dining-room did Kant relax his philosophic gravity. After dinner he took his regular walk up and down a small alley of limes, which is called the Philosopher's Alley. His walk was always solitary, except on rainy and threatening days, when his servant followed him 'with an umbrella under his arm, and with a restless and vigilant look, an exact image of Providence.' Kant had two reasons for walking alone; he wanted to think, and he did not want to open his mouth. He thought that by breathing through his nose the air would be admitted gradually to his lungs, and that he had less risk of taking cold. On coming home he read the papers. In the evening he made notes for lectures the next day, or for his writings, read, and meditated on what he read, writing down any ideas that struck him. At ten he went to bed; a quarter of an hour before retiring he suspended all occupations, and cleared his mind of all thoughts that might prevent him sleeping. His bedroom was never heated; its windows were always kept shut, Summer and Winter, and the light was as carefully excluded as the air."—*Cornhill Magazine.*

EXERCISE FOR GIRLS.

It is when we begin to examine the subjects of the exercise which girls at school receive that the great error of all comes to light—the error which increases tenfold the evil results of every other. There is not a want that has been enumerated as affecting boys; there is not an ailment through which they must pass, but must be experienced also by girls. They grow as rapidly; the laws of their development are the same; there is no single reason why they should be denied their share in this all-important agent of health; yet the idea of making any provision for its employment—nay, the idea of employing it at all—seems never to have been contemplated. The two-and-two walk is the sole and single form of exercise that appears ever to have presented itself as being necessary or even desirable. Can we wonder, then, that the hollow chest and twisted spine are so sadly frequent, or that the habit of long-continued sitting should act so fatally upon the healthful and symmetrical development of the whole body? Is it strange that so few grow to womanhood either healthy or graceful? Is it not rather a matter of wonder that any should do so at all? It may be objected that a larger allowance of playtime would too greatly interfere with the studies. But I answer that it is found to do so in boys' schools. On the contrary it is found that a boy comes fresher to his work from a game, and fresher still from his half-holiday pastime. And, even if it did curtail the time for school-work, could this not afford to be reduced? Are there none of the studies which could be dispensed with or curtailed for so important a purpose? Is, for instance, the custom of requiring girls to sit for two and even three hours a day, every day in the week, upon a high stool practicing music, good for either mind or body—extended too, as it is, to almost all, weak or strong, clever or dull, finding pleasure in it from force of natural taste or talent, or loathing it as a mere wearisome mechanical labor? Would the loss be great if some portion of this were curtailed for the sake of present and future health? Or is it an advantageous method of preparation for their coming years that our girls, at this time of rapid growth, when the body is taking the shape which it is to carry through life, should be bending for hours at a time over the drawing-board—the highest attainable aim in the majority of instances being the power of copying, with some degree of correctness, the work of another person? Where there is indication of actual talent, of real liking for either of these pursuits, there is, doubtless, great reason why it should receive all due cultivation and encouragement, and some less promising school duty may give way to it; but, where there is none, does not this practice become something more than folly? Is it not positive cruelty?—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

The Solemn Pledge of the Nation.—I argue the necessity of total, immediate, and final Emancipation, secondly on the ground of honor. For this government, and the people supporting it, are solemnly pledged, unless words are a jugglery and a trap, unless the clearest declarations are a snare and a mischief, to emancipation. The President and the party are bound to finish this war by final and universal emancipation. Let me read to you the declaration of the Chief Magistrate of this nation, speaking, not in his private, but in his official capacity:

"I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaim for the full period of one hundred days from the day of the first above-mentioned order, and designate, as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States the following, to wit: Arkansas," and so on.

"And by virtue of the power, and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are and henceforward shall be, free (great applause); and that the Executive government of the United States, including the Military and Naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons." (Applause.)

Under the shadow of that promise and solemn pledge, more than two hundred thousand slaves have escaped from bondage, and enlisted in our armies. Under that solemn guarantee of the President of these United States, thousands and thousands of them have died as heroic deaths as ever fell to white men. Thousands of them lie now languishing in hospitals, grievously wounded. Thousands of them have been barbarously slaughtered as prisoners of war because they accepted the pledge of the United States, and, by their patriotism, and docility, and discipline, and courage, and heroism, have proved themselves worthy of the government, and worthy of liberty under it. And I declare that if after such a solemn pledge as this of the Chief Magistrate of this nation, he shall, by any equivocation, by any pretence, by any subterfuge, or by any subtle underworking, nullify this intended and real proclamation, it will be a shame and everlasting contempt on his head, and on the head of this nation! But it will not be done (applause). Old Abraham will as soon forget his posterity, the Jews, as our Abraham will forget his word and pledge of liberty (renewed applause).

But this ought not to be left merely upon his word. Our honor is also pledged. The Baltimore Platform has this illustrious and noble clause.

"Resolved, That, as slavery was the cause, and now constitutes the strength, of this rebellion, and as it must be always and everywhere hostile to the principles of republican government, justice and the national safety demand its utter and complete extirpation from the soil of the republic; and that we uphold and maintain the acts and proclamations by which the government, in its own defence, has aimed a death-blow at this gigantic evil. We are in favor, furthermore, of such an amendment to the Constitution, to be made by the people in conformity with its provisions, as shall terminate and forever prohibit the existence of slavery within the limits of the jurisdiction of the United States."

How long is it since this was passed? and yet there are men whispering around already to know if we will not forget it; to know if the South now, by such men as Vice-President Stephens and Gov. Brown, will offer to come back, retaining their landed estates, and continuing to have slavery untouched, only allowing those slaves that have been freed to be free, whether we will not accede to the proposition. No! if the heavens fall, no! (Applause.) There is no sweetness in a peace that is not to be a peace to my children. I am not the man that will have quiet in my own day by rolling the curse over on my children's day. I am hardier than they; I am practiced in more intestine strifes and difficulties than they; and if there is to be trouble, let me bear it, let us bear it, and allow our children to go free. We cannot give them a legacy of new laws—we have wise laws; we cannot give them an original government—we have a government that is sufficent; but one thing we can transmit to our children—equity, liberty, glory, in the emancipation of the oppressed slaves of our land. And that is the legacy which we are bound to leave them. No miser's gold, no poet's wreath, no orator's garland, no treasure of any kind is to be thought of in comparison with the endless felicity of sending the country down to our posterity clean to its roots of slavery. I therefore, first on the ground of equity and justice, because it is right, and secondly on the ground of honor, because our national reputation is at stake, and we are pledged to it before the world, demand, as a condition of peace, not merely the suppression of the rebellion, but extirpation of slavery (applause). You shall not bind me, nor shall any man in the North by any tucked-up compromise, by any burnished peace. I will never let peace be in my day as long as there is a slave in this nation. I will agitate, and agitate, and rip up every compromise, and there shall be festers and sores and intestine troubles, there shall not be peace, until it is established on righteousness (loud and prolonged applause).—*H. W. Beecher. Sermon, Oct* 16.

THE OLD PROVINCE HOUSE.

[Dr. N. B. Shurtleff sends the following communication to the Boston *Transcript*, under date of Oct. 26.]

"We are again called to deplore the loss of one of the old landmarks of the town, the history of which extends back not only through the revolutionary period of our history, but even through the provincial days of Massachusetts into good old colony times. The Old Province House was destroyed by fire yesterday afternoon, the walls, and a comparatively valueless portion of the floors of the building being alone left.

"This old building, one of great magnificence in its early days, was erected in 1679 by Peter Sargeant, Esq., one of the most opulent men of his day in New England. He had, on the 21st of October, 1676, purchased the land for the paltry sum of £350, of Samuel Shrimpton, one of the largest landholders in the town. In the Book of Possessions, it stands in the name of Thomas Mellowes, and subsequently in that of Thomas Millard; from whom it passed into the possession of Col. Shrimpton.

"The princely abode of Mr. Sargeant stood upon a large lot, and had the most pleasant and agreeable surroundings of any mansion house in the town. It was approached over a high flight of massive stone steps, and through a magnificent doorway that might have rivalled those of the palaces of Europe. From Mr. Sargeant the house passed into the possession of the Province, and was used, during the time of the Provincial government, by the Governors. After the expulsion of Gen. Gage, in 1776, it was used by our own officers for the transaction of public business.

"In 1816 the estate was granted to the Massachusetts General Hospital, and the Trustees, the next year, leased it to David S. Greenough, Esq., for the term, of ninety-nine years. Subsequent to this date this aristocratic mansion has been put to various purposes, having been almost hid from sight by the rows of brick houses and stores erected by Mr Greenough soon after the commencement of his lease in 1817.

"In 1851, the whole building was changed in appearance, the interior having been remodelled for the purpose of accommodating a company of Eolian Vocalists under the direction of John P. Ordway, Esq.

"The old Indian chief, with his drawn bow, the handiwork of old Deacon Shem Drowne, and which so many of the boys of other days will remember, was a short time ago to be seen performing his accustomed functions, with his feathery weapon, in Brookline."

Members of Congress Then and Now.—Edward Livingston's biographer implies, with the tone of many literary men—who are surprised by the neatness, purity and elegance of the early debates in Congress—that there were gods in those days, or, if not gods, giants; and that in our days we cannot match them, or do not. It is true that the speeches which literary men chose to write out in those times compare favorably with the pitiless stenographic reports of everything that is said in the congresses of to-day; it is also true that constituencies do not look first, in our times, for young gentlemen of fortune and literary training as their representatives—but we doubt if they did then; it is also true that men of sense do not quote Virgil or Thomson in debate now—but fools do—and it is all a matter of fashion. There are a thousand spheres for activity for men of genius and power now, much more attractive and much more influential than is the cell occupied by a member of Congress while he is imprisoned in the capitol. Such men as Edward Livingston, in our days, find their way to these posts, while, in the infancy of the nation, there was an interest in adjusting the new machine and starting it, which its running does not have, even in days of revolution. The members of the early congresses were as good men as we have, with fewer advantages than we have, but they were not any stronger or any better. And we venture to aver that twenty speeches as good as that of Mr. Livingston on Jay's treaty have been made in the much abused Congress of the present year.—*Christian Examiner.*

Public Libraries.—There are 104 public libraries in the country, which number not less than 10,000 bound volumes each. The aggregate of the whole is 2,403,477. Of these libraries only 8, with an aggregate of 152,000 volumes, are in territory now under rebel control. The largest public library in the country is that of Harvard University with 140,000 volumes. The Astor Library has 120,000. The Boston public library, the youngest on the list, ranks third, having 110,563 volumes. Yale College has 42,000. Brown University (one of the choicest libraries in the country) 31,000. Dartmouth College 15,679. The Portsmouth Athenæum, established in 1817, closes the list with 10,000 volumes. Massachusetts has 20 libraries, or nearly one-fifth of the entire list, and 614,415 volumes—four times as many as the whole Southern confederacy. New York has 16 libraries with 488,838 volumes. California, Michigan, Tennessee, Georgia and Vermont rank below New Hampshire. According to the latest returns, Great Britain has only 43 libraries, which exceed 10,000 volumes, and France only 38. It is estimated that all the public and educational libraries of the United States contain 1,250,000 volumes.

The Germans in London.—The German population in London is at least sixty thousand, and is constantly increasing. Some of them are eminent as savans, musicians, scientific chemists, sculptors, and painters, and have contributed very largely to that foreign staff which has done, and is doing, so much to raise the standard of education in our public and private schools. They bring with them that mental activity which is partly the result of the division of Germany into sovereign states, and partly of that form of its political institutions which, in connection with the universities, almost compels a man to seek excellence in the *one* particular branch which he makes his business and choice; and which, moreover, from the absence of political liberty, turns the German mind to those subjects where investigation is unfettered and the expression of opinion is unrestrained. Hence, as teachers in England, they excel, and, taken as a body, they are alike practical and profound in their own departments. But the mass of the Germans in London are of the busy classes—merchants, tradesmen, and artisans, while many follow humbler occupations. Of bakers, the number in the metropolis is perceptibly large; while as to the journeymen tailors, especially in Whitechapel, Shoreditch, and generally in the East end of the town, they abound.—*Christian Work.*

The Union as it Was.—After four years of war, it will be a crying shame if we end it as we began, with nothing settled; with no evils removed; with no doctrines established. The Union as it was! Shall a nation live four such years, and then be able to go back and be just as they were, without learning anything, and without gaining anything? It is a fool's counsel, which only fools will take! You cannot go back four years. You might as well ask trees that have once grown to above in their growth and be buds again, as to ask a people, that have gone through such tremendous evolutions as we have, to go back and be as they were. You cannot go back a single day; can you four years?

It will be a shame, too, without excuse or palliation. For the North has on its side the right principles: it is on the side of all that is just, and generous, and free; it is in the line of God's providence; it is in the great path of the progress of nations; it is in sympathy with the best efforts of the world; and it has now the power to make war, what it always should be, a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to them that do well. And now, with that power in our hands, if we sneak into a peace, inaugurating again the authority of men that have devastated us, and abdicating our hopes for the future, where, in the vocabulary of the world, can you find terms of contempt and derision strong enough to characterize our conduct? I, as profoundly as any man, long for peace; but God forbid that any peace shall come to us until it be that peace from which shall flow the blessing of Almighty God.—*H. W. Beecher. Sermon, Oct.* 16.

Advertisements.

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